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TO HER.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

I left these lines, a moment,
Above those dear, dead, buried days,
When love led on which way we went,
When flowers bloomed in all our ways.

Her face, her earnest, baby face;
Her young face, so uncommon wise—
The tender love-light in her eyes—
Two stars of heaven out of place.

Two stars that sang as stars of old—
Their silent eloquence of song—
From skies of glory and of Gold,
Where God in purple passed along.

That silent, pleading face; among
Ten thousand faces just the one
I still shall love when all is done,
And life lies by, a harp unstrung.

That face, like shining sheaves among;
That face, half hid mid sheaves of gold;
That face, that never can grow old;
And yet has never been quite young.

LADY LINTON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE," "BARBARA GRAHAM," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.—[CONTINUED.]

WHEN he spoke again, his low voice sounded like a lullaby of which my drowsy senses caught the tone, but not the meaning; a feeling of sweet repose lulled all my senses, and in this calm, succeeding the fatigue and excitement of the evening, I fell asleep.

The moon was far above the trees when I awoke; it seemed not more than half the size it was when my eyes last saw it. I was still in Gilbert's arms.

"Do you feel better for your sleep, Gertie?" he asked.

"Yes. I must have been asleep for a long time. Haven't I moved?"

"Only once—to put your arms about my neck. Don't you remember?"

"No"—and yet I must have been sufficiently conscious to know that he was there, and that it was his neck I wished to caress.

The next day we went to London. Our first visit was to an office near St. Paul's, where Gilbert ordered a special licence of marriage.

He saw the look of astonishment with which I looked at the little dry old clerk and the bare walls, and laughing heartily, said—

"I suppose you expected a temple hung with roses, and a Cupid in place of that very ordinary old tax-collector?"

Then we had luncheon, and he made me think of everything that I should be likely to want for six months, and wrote all down; and, when the list was made and luncheon finished, we drove off in a cab to Regent Street, to buy the things.

We went from one end to the other looking into all the shops, and it was dinner-time before I had bought all that I needed, so quickly did the time pass—in my calculation.

I cannot enumerate all the things that Gilbert bought in addition to those I actually wanted.

Indeed I think I must skip over a great deal of happiness, or I shall not finish my task of bringing up my diary to date before he comes in to dinner.

We were married at Kennington Church and, as there had been no time to make a grand wedding-dress, I wore the costume we had bought in Regent Street, and which the young lady there had taken in very nicely.

It fitted me beautifully, and every one said I could not look nicer in anything.

Gilbert bought me a lovely bouquet. He wore his gray suit, with just two buds in his button-hole which I had taken out of my bouquet.

Granny was there, looking like a dear old picture.

She cried a little when no one was looking at her.

Mr. Gower gave me away; he looked the most stately and ceremonious person in the church after the pew-opener; and his collar was so particularly stiff that he could scarcely turn his head on his fat little throat.

The girls were my bridesmaids, and they cried a little.

They did not suffer very much, for they rejoiced sincerely in my happiness, and, moreover, Gilbert had given each of them a diamond ring which they could not keep their eyes away from.

We had luncheon at the Cannon Street Hotel and were very gay—almost too gay, in fact, for Mr. Gower, who was in a serious humor and wished to make a speech.

Whenever he got on his legs, resting his knuckles on the table and leaning forward with a solemn air, the girls began their nonsense, and continued it until, unable to do more than open his mouth like a fish for the continual interruption, he was himself at length tickled by the ludicrous situation, and sat down with a chuckling laugh.

Then he would drink a glass of champagne, and rise again, more serious than ever, and one would ask him if he felt better, another beg him not to laugh, or the third cry, "Hear, hear!" before a word was spoken.

Granny was greatly scandalised at first, saying that it was right and proper to make speeches on such an occasion as this, and it was in very bad taste to say the least of it, to prevent their papa from saying what doubtless he had taken a great deal of pains to compose.

However, she herself finished by joining in the irreverent laughter when Mr. Gower for the sixth time, put his knuckles on the table, and leaned forward with his mouth open.

A *coupe* was reserved for Gilbert and me, and, when the time came, we took our places in it.

Then, when every one was rather silent, not knowing exactly what to say, Beatrice, with a sudden sparkle of gaiety in her eyes, approached the window, and said, with mock respect—

"We shall hope to receive a letter soon from little Lady Linton."

The other girls caught up at once the alliterative title, and, as the train moved away, they cried together—

"A happy journey, little Lady Linton!"

* * * * * * *

CORRESPONDENCE.

Letter from Mr. Pierce, London, to Mrs. Pierce, *chez* Sir Gilbert Linton, Valvins, Fontainebleau—

"Pierce & Pierce, Private Inquiry Agents,

"Monday night.

"Endell Street, Long Acre, London, 188–.

"Dear Eliza,—Your packet, bringing the copy of Lady Linton's diary up to the date of her marriage, to hand this morning—and precious little of it!

"For Heaven's sake, more, and with fewer intervals—there's a dear good soul! In all there were only twenty-two pages last week.

"Mrs. Gower comes every morning. For three days I had nothing to give; what she got in the other three was hardly worth having.

"There is a dry parched look about her face, as though she were consumed with a thirst for discovery; these exasperating driblets are enough to drive her out of her mind.

"She was sallow to begin with: she looks almost green at times now. And no wonder!

"Just think what she's had to put up with since she began this precious inquiry.

"She has learnt that her husband and his children, and even her own daughter, are all leagued together to deceive her and expose her to the ridicule and mockery of their friends.

"That Mr. G. is in constant and friendly communication with her avowed enemies—the old rascal was absolutely tender with Miss Graham, you know, after her dismissal from the position she held; that he and her children bribe the servants to deceive her, turn the house out of the windows in her absence, and spend money lavishly on pleasure in which she takes no part.

"Knowing all this she has to hold her tongue, and so to conceal her emotions that her family may continue their rioting without suspecting discovery.

"Upon my life, I can't tell what motive you had for sending all this irrelative matter!

"From the first and throughout I have been expecting—and so has Mrs. G.—that the diary was going to show us Miss Graham implicated with Sir Gilbert in the murder of his wife.

"On the contrary, she seems to be a remarkably decent sort of a girl, so far as I can judge, and Sir Gilbert is not half such a bad lot as I expected.

"It must be mortifying in the extreme to Mrs. G. to make this discovery.

"Of course the diary represents only one side of Sir Gilbert's character—that which appeared to the enamored eyes of a young girl—and I suppose you have found out something to his disadvantage.

"Even in his wife's description there are passages which show pretty clearly that he meditated putting his wife out of the way at the time he was making love to Miss G.

"I wish, Eliza, if you have any damning fact against him, you would let me know it.

"It would be so gratifying to Mrs. G. Without that, I fear there must soon be an explosion—she can't hold back much longer.

"Whether the row takes place at Gauntly House or in this office the result is likely to be disastrous to our plans.

"She couldn't have endured in silence so long if she hadn't the malignity of the very deuce in her heart.

"And, even with that and the hope of one day getting full revenge for all she has suffered, it is a marvel to me how she tolerates the present condition of things.

"Fancy a famished wretch hunting barefoot over a stubble-field of scanty ears, which must be threshed and ground before anything can be got to satisfy her cravings, her feet lacerated at every step, her search resulting in nothing but the finding of empty husks, and her hunger continually increasing, and then you can understand what that poor beggar of a Mrs. G. has to suffer.

"This sort of thing has been going on for a couple of months.

"We've drawn a cheque from her for fifty pounds; and what on earth has she got for it?

"Nothing but the satisfaction of seeing herself as her enemies see her.

"I don't like the woman a little bit; but I can't help feeling that we are taking an undue advantage of our position, and I can tell you candidly, Eliza, that, if I hadn't been held by your hints of ultimate success and by the constant anticipation of something turning up to prove the guilt of the parties we are supposed to be acting against I should have given up the business before now, and looked about for some other employment more congenial to my tastes and abilities.

"My position is deucedly unpleasant. I feel like an impostor every time I see our client, and I'm sure I look like one.

"She is such a shrewd woman that I couldn't deceive her, even if I had the hardihood to try.

"She knows I am a living fraud, and no more fit to be a private inquiry agent than the man in the moon.

"At first I used to sit up at the desk and pretend to be busy writing when I expected her.

"Her steely gray eyes seemed to run through me, and the curve in her lips said as plainly as words—

"'You know that's all a sham, and so do I.'

"Now I sit in my chair—which suits my frame considerably better than that little rickety stool—and, when I hear her step outside, I just drop my newspaper and perspire, wondering what on earth I shall say if she demands an explanation of our movements.

"She hasn't expostulated yet a while—perhaps she knows it's no good doing so, and will mark her perfect contempt for me by remaining silent.

"Upon my word, I think it would be a relief if she kicked up a row and refused to continue the affair.

"This leads me, Eliza, to the question I had in my mind when I determined to write to you and set the state of affairs clearly before you.

"Don't you think, my dear, that we had better retire from this business?

"You must have read the diary through before you began to copy it, and I conclude there is no direct evidence of Sir Gilbert's guilt in it, or we should have had it long ago, instead of this history of Miss Graham's griefs and joys, which has nothing whatever to do with it.

"Of course, as there are pretty nearly eleven months of the diary yet to be copied, the inquiry can be dragged out until the end of our term of agreement with Mrs. G.; but it doesn't seem to me a fair way of getting money, and it most certainly isn't a pleasant one for me.

"If you have nothing more satisfactory to send than that we have already had, I strongly advise—indeed I think I must insist upon coming to some arrangements with Mrs. G., and winding up the affair. In yesterday's *Telegraph* there was the advertisement of a roadside inn in Hampshire, with a skittle-alley and a long garden, for sale, and that would just suit me.

"I dare say we could raise the money somehow to buy it; and, if the thing brought us in only bread and cheese, it would be better than carrying on this business, which is a source of continual worry and self-reproach to me.

"Let me know what you think at once, my dear, and believe me affectionately yours, "JOE PIERCE."

From Mrs. Pierce, Fontainebleau, to Mr. Pierce; London—

"Fontainebleau, April 26.

"Dear P.,—For gracious sake, get that roadside public-house out of your head at once!

"I knew before I had read the first half-dozen lines of your letter that you had got hold of some new idea.

"It is a repetition of the folly which has kept us in constant poverty and anxiety since the day we were married.

"How many schemes, I wonder have you tried and abandoned for others equally disastrous, or more so?

"It's the Potosi cigarette agency and the market-garden all over again exactly.

"Just when you were beginning to think of buying a dog-cart to travel with the cigarettes, and I was looking forward to a little peace, you gave up the agency and took that wretched piece of waste land at Tottenham, and all because some person found out that the cigarettes were not filled with genuine tobacco—as if their name wasn't sufficient to have told you that at first.

"I tell you plainly that I shall not live in any roadside public-house in Hampshire.

"I am not an old woman, and decline to be buried alive in a desert.

"I can't for my life understand what possesses you!

"Your size and temperament unfit you for any occupation requiring energy, and you have said over and over again that the most agreeable exercise you know of is reading the newspaper in a comfortable arm-chair.

"This agency—which is in a fair way to become most remunerative—provides for your requirements, and, I may add, for mine also.

"You can sit and read your newspaper the whole day.

"I will do all the work.

"With no family and no inclination for domestic pursuits, and with a natural ability which you have frequently commented on for what you term 'ferreting out' the secrets of other people's affairs, the agency provides me with an occupation which is exciting, remunerative, and which I could not relinquish without a regret that would be life-long, and the cause of unceasing reproaches which you would have always to bear.

"Do be reasonable, Joseph, and let me assure you at once that your most absurd objections are without the slightest foundation.

"You must have faith in me; so must Mrs. G.

"I know what I'm about, and, if you leave the management of this affair in my hands, the result will satisfy all your scruples.

"I am sure that before the six months have expired I shall have evidence to convict Sir Gilbert.

"If I don't tell you all I know, it is because I believe the facts are safer in my keeping.

"You can no more keep a secret than you can fly in the air, and, if Mrs. G. knew what I know, she would interfere, and all would be lost.

"It is most unmanly of you to fear Mrs. G., and most irrational at the very same time.

"In the first place, we have her agreement, and, whatever she thinks of us, she is bound to sustain the investigation.

"As I said before, the result will clear you from any suspicion of unfairness and at the same time establish our reputation for sagacity and address.

"There is nothing to fear from Mrs. G. The regularity with which she calls at the office for information proves how eager she is to continue the inquiry.

"If you should throw up the affair, she would insist upon your going on, and that you are bound, by every consideration of justice and honor to do.

"You need be under no apprehension of her betraying the knowledge she has obtained to her family; for she must see that such an act of folly would prevent her obtaining more; nor need you fear any scene in the office.

"In your last letter you told me that she had divined that your wife was the active partner in the firm of Pierce & Pierce; knowing that, she will have the greater faith in the ultimate success of our Inquiry.

"There is not one man in a thousand could do what I am doing—I say this not from vanity, but from a conviction that women are eminently superior to men in occupations of this kind.

"This Mrs. G. knows as well as I do.

"Should she take advantage of your obvious feebleness to demand an explanation of our plans, two courses are open to you—you can quietly decline to tell her anything at the present stage of affairs, or you may justify all that has been done and all that we are doing at present.

"I should most certainly take the first course; but, as your temperament is very different from mine, and you will probably prefer the latter, I will reply to the objection you make in your letter, in order that you may be prepared to meet any that Mrs. G. may trouble you with.

"In the first place, you find fault with the small quantity of information I send and the long intervals which sometimes occur between one budget and the next.

"Ask Mrs. G. if she expects us to purloin the diary entire, and what good she thinks it would do our cause if we consented to such an act of dishonesty. If she agrees that it is advisable to get a copy of the diary she must also admit that we must do so with caution.

"If I were discovered making extracts from the journal, or even examining it, there would be an end to the affair.

"In the first case, I could be dismissed summarily.

"In the second, the book would be removed to a more secure place, where I could not get at it.

"I can copy only in the absence of Lady Linton.

"There are days when she does not leave the house, and others when I have to refrain from taking advantage of her absence, in order to avoid the suspicion of servants.

"As I play the part of confidential lady's-maid, the servants of course hate me; and, if they saw that, whenever Lady Linton was out, I locked myself in my room, they would find means to discover what it is I do there at those times.

"You seem to think Mrs. G. is justified in feeling aggrieved because the extracts from the diary do not prove Lady Linton guilty of complicity with Sir Gilbert in the murder of his wife.

"Isn't that expecting almost too much of a private inquiry agent, Lady Linton being innocent?

"You say that all we have produced is irrelative to the inquiry we are making. I deny it.

"We have proved that Sir Gilbert had a stronger motive for getting rid of his wife than mere dislike to her, and, had the Court which tried him for murder possessed our knowledge, it is exceedingly doubtful that he would have been acquitted.

"To understand Sir Gilbert's character and the motive with which he acted, his acquaintance with Miss Graham and his relations with her must be fully explained, and I maintain that not a line I have sent could have been omitted without weakening the evidence against him.

"Another advantage has been obtained by these extracts—they have shown Mrs. G. the absolute necessity of keeping her proceedings secret from her husband and the daughter she trusted; and still another—of the greatest importance to me—it has sustained her interest while I have been securing my position here and forming my plans for the future guidance of this affair.

"My object is not only to prove that Sir Gilbert did put away or help to put away his wife, but to obtain such evidence as will enable us to convict him of it and bring him to justice.

"This I do not doubt of obtaining, if time and perfect freedom of action are granted me.

"For your greater satisfaction, I will inform you that the extracts from the diary which are now some bear directly upon Sir Gilbert's crime, and that before long you will have evidence which shall fortify even your faltering spirit.

"Now, Pierce, I am going to give you some instructions, which I beg you to carry out to the best of your ability.

"You will tell Mrs. Gower that your partner has given you inquiries to make which will necessitate your leaving London for eight or ten days.

"What these inquiries are you must decline to tell her—and mind you don't tell her, or she will attempt to help you and do more harm than good.

"You will go to Monken, and there find out all that you possibly can find relative to Sophia Kirby.

"Don't go about it as if you were a police-constable.

"Take your fishing-rod with you, and be content to spend the days by the side of the river, talking to any one you chance to meet, and getting, if possible, some information regarding Sir Gilbert and his family without exciting suspicion.

"In the evening you will go to an inn—choose one where the village people meet, if possible—and there you will make yourself agreeable to any one who talks; and do your best to find out facts concerning Sophia Kirby.

"But do not let it be seen that you wish to know; if you can't lead up the conversation to that subject easily and to your own satisfaction, abandon it for the time, and talk about your fishing or any other topic you like.

"But, if you bear in mind that you want to learn something about this woman, you are pretty sure to find some means of acquiring facts.

"Stay away from London just as long as is necessary—that will relieve you greatly from your apprehensions of Mrs. G.'s attack—and let me know anything you learn. I will send the next packet to 'J. P., Post-office, Marlow,' and, when you have read it, you will post it to Mrs. G. at any address she likes to give.

"Lady Linton has rung for me, and I have no more to say.

"Affectionately yours,

"E. PIERCE.

"P. S.—I hope this will show you the folly of turning your thoughts to other occupation."

CHAPTER XV.

LADY LINTON'S DIARY CONTINUED.

We dined at a hotel quite close to the beach; and, oh, how delicious the look and the sound and the smell of the sea were to my senses.

A great many boats lay in the harbor; but I distinguished at once the dear old boat that had brought me from Normandy, and pointed it out to my husband.

"Ah, we shall have to re-christen her, Gertie!" said he. "The Tub was good enough for Diogenes; but, now that Diogenes is an altered man——"

"I shall keep its old name all the same, if only to warn you from falling again into the folly of thinking like Diogenes," I replied.

Then we laughed and talked nonsense—at least I did—and we were exceedingly happy.

After dinner we walked upon the pier, and I was so excited with pride that my feet seemed scarcely to touch the earth; for my husband was the finest man of all the fine men who were there, and everybody looked at him with admiration; and, when I said to myself, "They can see I am his wife," I felt that I too was more to be envied than any of the grand ladies.

My husband—oh, it makes tears of pride and joy come into my eyes to repeat those words "my husband"—looked to my eyes handsomer than ever I had seen him; and, being happy, he held up his noble head, not with his former look of defiance, but rather with an air of exultation—it was the difference, I thought, between a soldier going out to the battle and him who returns triumphant.

It was just such a morning as I hoped for on the night before, when, we left Dover—such a day as that in which I first saw the sea, and had since recalled to mind so frequently as the most memorably beautiful.

There was the same clear atmosphere, the same white luminous clouds scattered over the blue sky, the same vigorous breeze that filled the sails and carried us with joyous bounds over the nimble waters.

All was sparkling and gay and beautiful and quick; and it did one good to breathe deeply the salt air.

It was like some grand strain of music that makes one think how beautiful it is to live.

As I stood, holding my dear husband's arm, it seemed to me that the sea and sky promised us a future of happiness as pure and boundless as theirs; and I told him this, for I was full of courage, and my heart could have no secret from him, no pleasant thought that I would not have him share.

He pressed my arm to his side, and then, his smile turning to a laugh, he said—

"Peter says there's bad weather brewing."

Peter is the old seaman who had been so kind to Mere Lucas, and he had come to the hotel on the night before to pay his "respectful dooty" to my ladyship and inform Gilbert that the orders he had telegraphed were executed, and that the Tub was ready to put to sea.

I should have but very little to write about our voyage, one moment being as happy as the other, but for a chain of circumstances that seemed to give my husband great displeasure, and which consequently troubled me.

It was when we came upon deck after luncheon that I first saw a look of annoyance upon my husband's face; he was looking over the sea in our rear.

"What is the matter, dear?" I asked. "Is the storm Peter foretold gathering?"

"Oh, I don't care a straw for Peter's omen!" he answered.

"Then what annoys you?"

"I don't know that I'm annoyed yet. Do you see that sail out there?"

"The ship with two masts?"

"That's it. Well, she has followed us ever since we started. When we shook out our canvas, she shook out hers, and she has kept in our track and at the same distance all the morning."

"Perhaps she can't help it?"

"Oh, she could have have passed us and gone out of sight by now if she chose!"

"Maybe her captain isn't so bold as you, and is afraid to go too quick," said I; and he laughed.

"Of course it may be purely accidental," he said. "On the other hand, it may not."

"What purpose could any one have in following us?"

"The purpose which impels a fool to make himself unpleasant. The owners of yachts are not all gentlemen; a linen-draper may keep one if he likes. That sort of person, having a very feeble kind of wit, finds pleasure in giving annoyance, like stupid boys who break windows or ring bells."

I knew that there were such people, for many times when I was going from granny's to Miss Fletcher's, and even when I was walking out with granny in the evening, young men who looked like linen-drapers had followed me for no possible reason but to make me uncomfortable.

"However," added Gilbert, "we will soon see whether we are followed by accident or design!"

And then he called Peter, and gave him some directions as to the management of the ship.

Soon afterwards the shadow of the sail fell upon the other side of the deck, and I perceived that we were taking a new course.

We sailed on for half an hour, and then it became clear that the strange yacht was following us intentionally, for it stood apparently at the same distance in our track as my husband pointed out to me with gloomy anger.

"If they see we take no notice of them, dear," said I, remembering what granny used to say with regard to the young men, "they may perhaps grow weary of following us."

He nodded.

But again he had the course altered, watching the result with evident anxiety.

The yacht followed us still.

I did my best to divert his attention from the thing which annoyed him, and so far succeeded that he did not revert to the subject; but more than once I saw his brows bend as he looked over the waters to our pursuer.

Towards night the clouds thickened and the wind grew stronger.

"We can run into shelter, if you like, Gertie; but, if you are not afraid and don't mind a shaking, we'll keep out," said my husband; and he glanced towards the ship behind us.

I told him I had no fear, and should prefer to keep out; and so when it grew dark, he put me in my hammock, tucked me up, and kissing me sweetly said good night.

Then he went on deck, and I was alone.

It was a terrible night.

The ship gave such lurches that I trembled lest my dear husband should be thrown from the deck.

Sometimes a wave struck the side and burst with a fearful noise over my head, and all the boards and beams creaked with the strain.

Many times he came down to see me, his oil-skin suit glittering with wet in the light of the swinging lamp, and it gave me great joy to see that he was safe; but I kept my eyes closed that he might not be concerned on my account.

Nevertheless I was very much afraid, and never lost consciousness in sleep until a faint gray light appeared through the little round window, and the comparative stillness showed me that we had come into smooth water.

Then, when my dear came down, I kept my eyes open and held out my arms, and drew his darling face down and kissed it again and again.

"We're in harbor now, sweet," said he, "and I'm about to turn in. Close your eyes again."

And so I did, and soon fell asleep with a happy heart.

It was late when I got up. Breakfast was waiting in the cabin, and I found my husband reading a book.

"Have we got away from our enemy?" I asked, when at length I got up from his knee and we proceeded to seat ourselves at the table.

"Not a bit of it!" he plied, with an impatient laugh. "She's lying not a hundred yards off."

"Of course you have said nothing?"

"Oh, no! That would be too gratifying to them."

"I don't see why we should mind what stupid people do, while we are free to do as we like."

"That's the philosophic way of looking at it; but unfortunately we can't always conform with logic. Peter says we are to have fine weather now; that's cheering."

After breakfast I went up, and with some curiosity looked at the yacht which had chased us so persistently.

There was nothing remarkable it its appearance.

It was longer and more elegant than our boat, and had two masts instead of one.

A man was lounging over the side with a pipe in his mouth.

He did not look like a linendraper, so I supposed that he was one of the crew.

That he was there to watch us was evident for no sooner did our men begin to carry out Gilbert's order to leave the harbor than he quitted his place and called out to the people down-stairs.

Directly afterwards five or six men came on deck and set to work.

We had not passed the head of the pier five minutes before our enemy did the same.

And she followed us steadily just as on the day before.

Once, when my husband had left me, I took up the glass he had left, to see if I could distinguish any one on deck.

To my astonishment, I perceived that the scarlet speck which had excited my curiosity was a woman's jersey, and that the wearer was also looking through a glass. Just then my husband came upon deck.

"Gilbert dear," said I, "there is a woman on that boat."

He must have already found that out, for he was not surprised.

"Does that astonish you, Gertie?" he asked. "I thought you had learnt that women can be as objectionable as men. Don't bother your little head about the confounded thing!" said he, taking the glass from me.

And thenceforth it was he who sought to make me forget the "enemy"—as I accustomed myself to calling, in my mind, the pursuing yacht; and, when I looked about for the glass later in the day, I could not find it.

It seems to me now that I was absurdly agitated by the senseless persecution of these stupid and vulgar people.

This was no more than a practical joke, and, unpleasant for the most part as practical jokes are, sensible people, one thinks, should not suffer more than irritation from them.

But indeed there was something almost terrible in being constantly pursued, to know that, if you turned your head, you would see the following ship just where you had last seen it, that, as we flew before the wind in the darkness, she was flying behind us, that, if we changed our course, she would change hers; that, when we stopped, she too would stop.

It seemed almost as though our enemy was an enemy indeed, and had some fell motive in tracking us.

It was the cause of a kind of reciprocal discomfort between my husband and me.

He saw that I was uneasy, and that made him more concerned, and seeing that increased my uneasiness, so that it seemed as if our distress grew out of each other.

A source of absolute distress it eventually became to both of us, and, when, having put in at Cherbourg, my husband said to me, "Take Peter with you, Gertie, into the town, and purchase the things I have put down in this list," I felt sure that he intended to board the yacht, which, as usual, had anchored quite close to us, and remonstrate with the people on board.

I went into the town, and purposely lengthened my errands.

Gilbert was walking on the quay when I returned.

He said nothing concerning what had happened in my absence, and I dared not question him, for I saw that there was no

change in his manner, unless it were that he was more uncomfortable than ever.

The only reference he made to the subject was on the following morning, when he gave Peter his orders.

"We will run round to St. Malo," he said. "If we don't shake off this bugbear by running, we must slip away by strategem."

The enemy followed us to St. Malo.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Fannie's Sacrifice.

BY BLAKE FAXSON.

NOW you must do some credit to my nursing, and get strong and well again."

As Fannie Pleasanton spoke, she put beside the bed over which she was leaning a great bunch of fragrant violets, moist, breathing their sweet stories of shady nooks in deep woods.

"Oh, how good you are. Oh, they are like home, my own dear home."

Great tears rolled down the pale face.

"Tell me about your home. How came you to leave it for this city?" said Fannie.

"My father died, and the farm was sold to pay a mortgage.

"I had a little money, and I thought I could find work in the city. Besides ——"

But here Barbara Golding stopped, and a faint crimson blush rose upon her pale cheeks.

"H'm!" thought Fannie, wise in twenty-two years of city life and education; "a love story."

She asked no question, but pretty soon Barbara said—

"You have been so kind, I will tell you. Perhaps you can tell me what to do."

"I will help you in any way that I can."

"Two years ago, the summer that I was seventeen, father took a lodger.

"He was a lawyer, and his health had failed from studying too hard.

"I think he was about twenty-six or eight and handsome, but so gentle and good, that we all liked him from the first.

"And he would come into the garden with me, and help me with vegetables and fruit, because father left that to me; and would carry the milk up to the dairy for me, and talk about books and the city, and —oh, Miss Pleasanton, don't you know?"

"He made love to you?"

"Yes," in a faint whisper.

"And you loved him?"

"Yes," again; "I could not help it. When he went away, he promised to come the next summer, and told me when he made his fortune, he would come to ask me to share it."

"Did he come?"

"Father died the next spring, and I came here.

"I thought I should find him, but I did not see him for a long time; and when I did, I had become so poor, so very poor, I would not force myself upon him.

"I worked as well as I could; but this summer I became sick, and but for you, I should have starved."

"Do you think your lover is still true to you?"

"I cannot tell. I would not trouble him. Sometimes, after I found out where his office was, I would pass by, after dark, and peep in.

"It was beautifully furnished; so I hope he is making his fortune, but I only whispered—'God bless him!' and came home."

"Will you tell me his name?"

"Lennox—Cyrus Lennox."

Fannie Pleasanton turned her face abruptly from the little seamstress, who had been the object of her charity for the last six weeks, and walked to the window.

Lifting the soft, white curtains she had placed there, she looked into the street, while ringing in her ears was the name Barbara Golding had just spoken.

"Cyrus Lennox."

She was very pale when she came again to the bedside.

But her voice was steady and sweet as ever, as she said—

"I must leave you now, Barbara, but I will come in again this afternoon.

"If you want anything, Mrs. Harper will answer the bell."

"Yes, she is very kind. But—you will come again?"

"This afternoon. Try to eat a few of the strawberries I have b ought you."

But instead of driving to the shop where she had intended to make final purchases for a nearly-completed wedding outfit, she told the coachman to drive home.

Cyrus Lennox, the girl had said.

Fannie Pleasanton, looking around her luxurious room, saw a pleasant confusion of dress, new garments loading tables, and wardrobe drawers overflowing with dainty finery, open trunks waiting to be packed.

And the preparations were all for a wedding in one short week, and the bridegroom elect was Cyrus Lennox.

What was this story the little seamstress she found starving in the attic had told her?

The landlady of the small house had been a servant in the Pleasanton family, and came to Fannie, who was rich and generous whenever any distress came to her notice.

And Fannie had gone at her last call, to find Barbara Golding tossing in delirious fever, evidently overworked, poorly fed, and stifling in the little attic chamber.

She had paid for a better room on a lower floor, had sent a doctor, had supplied medicines, food and care, had visited her often till the doctor pronounced her on the road to recovery.

And in return she had heard that Cyrus, her own betrothed husband, was the lover of Barbara Golding.

"Does he love her yet?" the girl thought, pushing back the hair from her pale face, and looking in the mirror.

"I am far handsomer. She is pretty only, sweet and fair.

"I am handsome and accomplished. She is a a pauper, I am wealthy.

"Cyrus is not poor now, since his aunt died.

"He will rise to eminence with my wealth to aid him while she will aid him, while she will be but a burden upon him.

"Only a week.

"Long before Barbara can even sit up, we shall be on our way to France, and he will soon forget her.

"Why did he seek me if he loved her?

"It was only a request of his aunt's, not a command, that he should marry me if I consented.

"But he came to me, and I love him—I love him!

"Can Barbara give him better love than mine?

"I can give her money to return to her old home, if she wishes.

"But if he loves her.

"Oh, Cyrus, do you love her, and not me?

"I cannot doubt, I must know!"

As if in answer to the thought, a servant rapped at the door, and opening it, Fannie was handed Cyrus Lennox's card.

"I will come down at once," she said, taking off her hat, and smoothing her disordered hair.

She was not sorry he had called while the first excitement of her discovery nerved her with a fictitious strength to endure any words he might speak.

She came to him quietly, dignified as ever, but very pale, so pale he asked anxiously if she was well.

"Well, but tired," she answered. "I have been out this morning."

They talked of different matters for a short time, then Fannie said, earnestly—

"Cyrus, I have a craving desire to ask you, one true woman's question. Will you promise me a sincere answer?"

He hesitated a moment, then said—

"I will answer truthfully whatever you ask."

"Did you ever love any other woman before you knew me?"

"Do you not think it enough to know I love you now?" he said.

"You promised me a sincere answer, and you give me an evasion," she said, reproachfully.

"Because you asked me to tear open an old wound your love is healing."

"Yet, even if it pains both you and me, I beg you to tell me of your first love."

Fannie's lips were parched and stiff, but she spoke calmly.

"Since you insist," Cyrus said, gravely, "I will tell you.

"Two years ago, in a farmhouse where I was lodging, I met a woman, or rather a girl, sweet, fair maiden whom I loved. I was a poor man then, Fannie, and she had a happy, pleasant home.

"So I bade her farewell, hoping to return the next year, and bring her home to the city.

"When I did return, the farm was sold and Barbara had gone away.

"None of the neighbors could tell me anything of her."

"It was your place to seek her."

"I did, faithfully.

"But I could find no trace of her whereabouts.

"In the autumn my aunt died.

"She had loved you for years, and her last wish was the hope that you would one day be my wife.

"It was a sweet solace to me, even in my sorrow for her loss and pain at Barbara's disappearance, to have your sympathy, and I soon found there was yet room in my heart for a true, tender love.

"You cannot believe I would have asked you to be my wife had I not loved you."

"But if, even now, you found Barbara?"

"I have long ago ceased to seek her.

"Yet if she came to you?"

"You are my betrothed wife."

"Yet if Barbara came to you, poor, friendless and sick.

"If she had told you she had come to the city seeking work, hoping to find you, and had sunk under her burden of loneliness and toil.

"If she told you that, ragged, footsore and weary, she had looked in at you in your cosy office, and turned away unwilling to throw the burden of her poverty upon you.

"If she had struggled till she fainted and fell sick, with no future before her but a future of poverty and toil.

"If Barbara came so to you, Cyrus, what would you say?"

But only a pallid face, with great beads of perspiration upon the broad brow, was lifted in speechless agony to meet her eyes.

Only large brown eyes, wistful and suffering, appealed to her womanly heart.

There was a deep silence in the room, for a long time.

Then a hoarse voice said—

"You have seen Barbara?"

"Yes, I have seen her."

"As you describe."

"Yes."

"And you despise me as faithless to her and to you."

"No, I do not despise you.

"I am sorry that you did not know your own heart better when you came to ask me to be your wife."

All her pain and love was well hidden in the cold, proud voice which Fannie Pleasanton assumed, to cover her breaking heart.

But after a moment, she said, more gently

"Barbara has been very ill, and is still too weak to bear any great agitation. You must be patient and leave her to me. When she is well enough, you shall see her."

"Fannie, you will break our engagement?

"You will dare the gossip that will be the result of any change now?

"You will not trust me to tear out this old love, and be ever true and faithful to you.

"I am not so weak but I can do so, if you will trust me."

"But I will not," was the quiet reply: "I will marry no man whose heart is not all mine.

"I will have no memory of another love for my constant rival.

"We can still be friends, Cyrus, but never again lovers."

He had no words to meet the steady resolution of her voice, but yet he took no coward's plea for shelter.

He would not say, even to his own heart—

"She never loved me; she is glad to throw me off."

He knew she had loved him, being too purely womanly to give her hand where she had not already given her heart.

He knew the sacrifice she was making.

He took both her little cold hands in his, lifted them reverently to his lips, saying—

"May God bless you for your goodness to her.

"I will come again when you send for me."

So he left her, taking the dream of future happiness she had carried six months next her heart, with him.

She would not trust herself to think.

Obtaining the doctor's permission, she brought Barbara to her own stately home, and nursed her back to health, restoring her to her lover, but telling her nothing of her own sacrifice.

Before the winter snows came there was a quiet wedding, for the doctor had strongly urged a warmer climate for the invalid.

She was very happy, this pale little Barbara, when, sheltered by her husband's love, she took leave of her kind friend, and went away to seek the soft air of Italy, to court health in balmy breezes.

She was very happy in her husband's tender care, his caressing affection in the winter months, when even the warmth and fragrance of foreign air would not bring back the lost strength.

Little by little she faded away, always gentle and loving, always happy, even she lay faint and dying, in her husband's loving arms—never guessing any divided love or duty had ever threatened to separate them.

Gently and painlessly, as a babe sinks to slumber, little Barbara sank into the last earthly sleep, her head upon her husband's breast, his tender words soothing her, his loving touch caressing her.

Softly they laid her under the evergreen verdure, and Cyrus turned his face homeward, widowed and sorrowful.

Two years later Fannie Pleasanton returned from her Continental trip, taken immediately after Barbara's wedding.

A little paler, a little graver, Cyrus found her when he called at her house.

Never to living ears did he tell the secret he learned in his brief married life, the secret that Barbara, sweet gentle Barbara, whose girlish beauty had won his love, whose suffering had stirred his deepest pity, was not the soul wife he hoped to find.

Gentle, loving, suffering, she appealed to his protection, his pity, and he gave her both in full measure.

But he knew, only too soon, that she could never meet him heart to heart as Fannie could.

But he sought Fannie with a lover's eagerness, a life's devotion, and Fannie, loving him with her whole heart, knew it was no divided homage he offered her, when, for the second time, he asked her to be his wife.

She had made her sacrifice, and knew that she had soothed Barbara's passage to the grave, not hastened it.

And with a clear conscience, a deep, abiding love, she once more put her hand into that of Cyrus Lennox, and became his faithful, dearly-loved wife.

LIFE IN THE MIKADO'S EMPIRE.—Everyone, rich or poor, in Japan takes a dip at least once a day in a caldron of hot water. The rich bathe before dinner and at bedtime. The whole household dip in the hot water. A bath, unless at a thermal spring, is only an immersion. Precedence is given to the elders, when there are no visitors, then to the young people, according to their age, next to the maid-servants, and lastly to the women. Preparatory ablutions of feet and hands are performed in basins, and on getting out of the caldron each bather gargles mouth and throat with cold aromatized water. In very hot weather they all fan each other's bodies to dry them. Modesty does not begin in Japan where beauty ends. Human beings who are as fat and shapeless as two prosperous quails do not mind being fanned. The nobility never went naked in the streets. But in their castles or shires and their parks they did and do—formerly to be cooled in hot weather and now to economize their European garments. Hunchbacks and deformed persons are almost unknown. In a Japanese Eden, the law of natural selection prevails. We came up country, whenever there was a road, in jinrikishas, and when the ground was too rough for wheels we were carried in norimyus, borne by two.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE WHITE HOUSE.—The White House at Washington was commenced in October, 1792. The building is one hundred and seventy feet by eighty-six. It is freestone painted white, but has the appearance of white marble.

THE COW TREE.—The cow tree of the East is so called because it yields an abundance of milk, similar in its appearance and nutritive qualities to that given by a cow. It attains a height of from fifty-five to sixty feet, and the milk is obtained by making incisions in the trunk.

PLENTY OF THEM.—A vessel off Para reports falling in with a mass of spiders floating in the air. The rigging and sails were covered with the web, the long threads of which formed the ballon for the tiny aeronauts. For several miles this spider swarm continued, the captain estimating that there were millions blown from land.

A PAINTER'S REVENGE.—A great Brussels painter, vowed vengeance once on the Paris Salon for rejecting some of his pictures. He got hold of an undoubted Rubens placed his own initials on it, and sent it to the Salon as his own. The authorities rejected it, and greatly to their mortification, when the trick played on them was noised abroad they discovered that they had condemned Rubens as unfit for a place upon their walls.

THE BRIGHT SIDE UPPERMOST.—Dr. Johnson used to say that a habit of looking at the best side of every event is better than a thousand pounds a year. Bishop Hall quaintly remarks, "For every bad there might be a worse, and when a man breaks his leg, let him be thankful that it was not his neck." When Fenelon's library was on fire, "God be praised," he exclaimed, "that it was not the dwelling of some poor man!" This is the true spirit of submission, one of the most beautiful traits that can possess the human heart.

HE WON'T MIND.—Captain Marryat says:—"While at Windsor I took cold, and was laid up with a fever. I had been in bed three days, when my landlady came into the room: 'Well, captain, how do you find yourself by this time?' 'Oh, I am a little better, thank you,' replied I. 'Well, I am glad of it, because I want to whitewash your room; for if the colorman stops to do it to-morrow, he'll be charging me another shilling.' 'But I am not able to leave my room.' 'Well, then, I'll speak to him. I daresay he won't mind your being in bed while he whitewashes!'"

RED TAPE.—The shocking discovery has been made that the recent wreck of the Daniel Steinmann, and the loss of over a hundred lives, would probably have been prevented except for Government red tape. The signal men on Bambro Island saw the vessel's danger, and knew that a warning gun would tell the Captain of his peril in time to save his ship, but no gun was fired. The Captain afterwards asked the gunners why they had kept silence, and they replied that they had no orders to fire guns, except in answer to guns fired at sea, and in fact had instructions not to fire while the fog whistle was in order and working. More than a hundred lives were sacrificed, but the rules were observed.

GUNPOWDER.—Some writers assert that the use of gunpowder, as well as ordnance, was well known to some of the ancients, even as far back as the year of our Lord eighty-five; and in support of this hypothesis, the following remarks of Ufano, on the authority of Robert Morton, the author of a work entitled "The Gunner," printed in London, in 1664, are often quoted, viz: "That the invention and use, as well of ordnance as of gunpowder, was in the eighty-fifth year of our Lord made known and practiced in the great and ingenious kingdom of China; and that in the mare tyme provinces thereof there yet remain certaine peeces of ordnance, both of iron and brasse, with the memory of their yeares of founding engraved upon them, and the arms of King Vitney, who, he saith, was the inventor."

A WONDERFUL DREAM.—A daughter of the late Harvey Jewell of Boston had recently a very queer and unusual experience and one calculated to make a deep impression upon the strongest mind. Some weeks ago she had a dream in which she distinctly saw an undertaker drive up to her residence with a hearse. He was a peculiar looking man. His queerly shaped nose, which looked as if it had been broken and was twisted to one side, gave his countenance an expression which would have made identification easy and certain. He came directly toward her, and as he said "Are you all ready?" she suddenly awoke. The dream seemed a peculiar one, but did not attract very much attention in the household until a few days or a week later it was repeated with exactly the same characteristics; down to the "Are you all ready?" and the awakening. And now comes the strangest part of the story. Some little time afterward the young lady was visiting in Cincinnati, and went to an apartment hotel to call upon a friend. She stepped into the elevator with others, and was startled to hear "Are you all ready?" from the man in charge. She was still more startled on looking around and beholding the exact picture of the man of the dream, even to the misshapen nose. It made such an impression upon her mind that she requested to be let out of the elevator at the first landing. She stepped out, and the other occupants went out at the next landing, and the man remained. The elevator machinery gave out; suddenly the car went up, and then down, and the man was instantly killed.

BID ME GOOD-BYE.

Bid me good-bye! No sweeter salutation
Can friendship claim;
Nor yet can any language, any nation
A sweeter name.

It is not final; it forbodes no sorrow,
As some declare,
Who born to fretfings are so prone to borrow
To-morrow's share.

Good-bye is but a prayer, a benediction
From lips sincere;
And breathed by thine it brings a sweet conviction
That God will hear.

Good-bye! yes, "God be with you;" prayer and blessing
In simplest phrase;
Alike our need and His dear care confessing
In all our ways.

However rare or frequent be our meeting,
However nigh
The last long parting, or the endless greeting,
Bid me good-bye!

HIS LOVE ALONE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BLACK VEIL," "HER MOTHER'S CRIME," "A BROKEN WEDDING-RING," "MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.—[CONTINUED.]

THERE, after a short delay for dinner, a hansom took him to Waterloo station, where he took train for Farnborough, arriving at Captain Treherne's luxurious bachelor quarters late that night.

The train was a slow one, and eleven o'clock had struck before the fly stopped at the door of the house in which the young officer lodged.

"Captain Treherne is not in, sir," said the soldier-servant, who answered the door. "But I do not think he will be late.

"You will stay the night, of course, Sir Mark. Can I get you any refreshment?"

"No, thank you, Jones," answered Sir Mark, and he entered Captain Treherne's sitting-room and dropped into a lounging-chair.

Then the servant, having placed cigars and newspapers within reach, left him to his own devices.

Weary and not a little heavy-hearted, Sir Mark leant back in his luxurious seat and glanced round the apartment.

It was a good-sized square room, tolerably well furnished, and Wilfred's possessions were scattered about in picturesque confusion.

There was a piano—Captain Treherne was a very fair musician—littered with music.

The table in the centre of the room was covered with "yellow backs," cigar-boxes, gloves and ball programmes.

A card-basket was crammed to overflowing with notes of invitation, dainty scented rose-tinted billets, and cards for at homes and dances.

Pipes of all shapes and lengths, riding whips, fencing foils, and boxing gloves were here, there, and everywhere.

On the sofa lay Wilfred's forage cap, where he had thrown it.

His sword was in the corner, leaning against the mantel-piece.

An album was on the table beside a sketch-book.

Sir Mark turned over the former indifferently, although it was full of pretty female heads and figures.

He opened the sketch-book.

The first thing he saw was Lucia Allan's beautiful face sketched from various points of view.

The second, a crayon drawing of Olive Walpole's, with her name "Olive," and a date written underneath.

The drawing was cleverly done and carefully finished.

The girl's face was turned partially away and her head was covered with a Spanish mantilla fastened coquettishly with a deep-red rose.

Sir Mark looked long and tenderly at the fair face, with its half-sad, half-proud eyes, the mournful drop of the sweet lips, the slight sorrowful smile.

At length Captain Treherne's step was heard on the stairs, and Sir Mark hastily closed the book, shutting out the fair face whose cause he had come to plead, just as the young officer entered the room, and, seeing him, uttered an exclamation of intense surprise.

"Mark, my dear fellow, what good wind blew you here?" he said, holding out his hand.

"Nothing wrong at Churston, I hope. My mother is well, and Violet?"

"Her ladyship is quite well," answered Sir Mark, smiling.

"And Violet is getting back all her roses, and is doing famously.

"I breakfasted with her and Miss Walpole at Willow-Bank Farm, and came on straight from there. I wanted to speak to you, Will."

"Whatever chance brings you here, it is a welcome one," said Captain Treherne cordially.

"I have been at an abominable carpet dance, where I was awfully bored, for there were no end of plain girls to be trotted out."

"And you devoted yourself?"

"One has to be good-natured," returned the young officer, laughing.

"Are you seedy, Mark, or only tired?"

"Only tired," answered Sir Mark quietly.

"Shall we talk to-night, Will, or put it off till to-morrow morning?"

"Whatever you like," said Captain Treherne, pulling over a cigar-box and selecting a cheroot carefully.

"Better have it over to-night, as I have to be at early parade to-morrow morning, and that always upsets my equanimity for the rest of the day."

"Then we will get it over to-night. You got my letter, Will?"

"No. What letter?" asked the young officer, with a look of surprise.

"I wrote to you from Poynings," said Sir Mark, looking vexed. "You surely ought to have received it ere this."

"Not if you posted it at Poynings, my dear fellow," replied Captain Treherne.

"You ought to have known that from such a primitive village as that the post would always take longer than from any more civilized part of the world. What did your letter contain?"

"The announcement of my intended visit," said Sir Mark quietly, "and a hint as to the business on which I came; but I dare say you will have guessed its purport," he added.

"Before we set to work, Will, give me a cigar."

Wilfred did so, and rang the bell for wine and glasses.

When Jones had left them, Sir Mark proceeded at once to business.

"Will," he said gravely, "you must not think that I am interfering in what does not concern me, in speaking to you on this subject.

"You know how warm my interest in you has always been, and my interest in the second person I shall mention is—not less."

"Fire away, old fellow," returned the young officer gaily.

"Out with it. Is it anything I can do for you, or anything I have done?

"Mark"—and he leaned forward and spoke earnestly—"I owe you too much—in more ways than one—to resent anything you may say."

"You remember the last day of your visit at Churston Hall?" said Sir Mark, looking full at the bright handsome face which Olive had thought so pleasant to look upon when she had seen it first.

"What of it?" asked the Captain. "Did anything particular happen?"

"You will not have forgotten that unpleasant affair about Olive Walpole."

"By Jove, no! Nor how furious my mother was about the poor child!"

"You know that Lady Churston dismissed her at the time?" went on Sir Mark quietly.

"Yes; but of course her devotion to Violet will alter that"—and Captain Treherne spoke huskily.

"My mother could not be so ungrateful ——"

"Whatever your mother's wishes may be," said Sir Mark gravely, "Olive has decided on leaving Churston; and has even applied for another"—he hesitated a moment, as if the word was difficult to utter—"another situation."

An expression of annoyance crossed Wilfred Treherne's handsome face, and his right hand drummed rather impatiently against the table, on which his elbow leaned.

"Has she succeeded in obtaining it?" he asked, averting his eyes from Sir Mark's face as he spoke.

"No; they have refused her application," was the grave answer.

"On what ground?"

"On this—that her character is not that of a person to whom the charge of young girls should be entrusted."

"You are not serious, Mark!" said Captain Treherne in a low voice.

"I am but too serious," was the answer.

Captain Treherne started up impatiently, and began to pace the room.

"It was unpardonable of my mother," he said at length.

"How could she be so cruel after the child's behavior with regard to Violet? Is there one girl in a thousand who would behaved as she did? It was shameful!"

Sir Mark was silent, and Wilfred went on in a softened voice—

"Poor Olive! Poor, pretty child! It was hard upon her.

"Did she tell you this, Mark?" he asked, rather jealously; and Sir Mark smiled sadly.

"She did not—but I discovered it. Olive is too generous, Will, to do anything of the kind," he answered quietly.

"It was shameful of my mother," repeated Captain Treherne angrily.

"Do you think your mother is the only person to blame, Will?" asked Sir Mark suddenly, rising from his chair, and leaning his elbow on the mantelshelf as he looked down at Wilfred, who had resumed his seat.

"How do you mean, Mark?" said the young officer rather uneasily.

"Must I make my meaning plainer?" asked the Baronet gravely.

"If you will look back at your conduct during your stay at the Hall, Will, you will find in it much, not only to have aroused your mother's suspicions, but also to have inspired Miss Walpole with the affection I fear she has conceived for you."

"I don't remember anything extraordinary in my conduct," answered Captain Treherne, in the same uneasy low troubled voice.

"I admired Olive sincerely—who could do otherwise?—and showed that I did so! That was all."

"It was not all," said Sir Mark quite sternly.

"Your manner with Miss Walpole, if you did not love her, simulated affection too well not to deceive her, for it, deceived us.

"It roused all your mother's anxiety—she looked for a richer bride for you—and the poor child herself believed in you, and in the love which she thought she had aroused; while you—you were only gratifying a momentary impulse, and had no intention of marrying her!"

"My dear Mark," said Captain Treherne, with an uneasy laugh, "one does not marry every pretty woman who is willing to flirt with one!"

"One does not flirt with a girl in Miss Walpole's position," replied Sir Mark sternly. "At least, no man of honor does!"

Captain Treherne's face flushed, and his blue eyes darkened.

"You have compromised a young girl's reputation—you have won her heart; and what reparation will you make for such an injury?"

Sir Mark's voice was stern and decided; but it softened as he went on.

"Olive loves you, Will; and I think you care for her.

"Nay, if I doubted that, I should not be here to plead her cause—a cause that ought never to have needed an advocate!

"Will you do what is right? I will undertake to make all right with your mother.

"Tell me. You care for that girl, do you not?"

"I hardly know," replied Treherne, with some agitation.

"I admire and esteem her most truly. I like her better than any other woman I have known. But, Mark, I cannot afford to marry."

"I will see to that!" said Sir Mark, trying to assume a cheerfulness he was far from feeling.

"No thanks! It is not for your sake, Will, but for hers. Make her happy. That is all I ask."

Captain Treherne's eyes were fixed upon Sir Mark's face, with some surprise, which changed into wondering admiration as he looked.

"Mark," he said huskily, "I believe you are the noblest fellow I ever knew!"

"Why? Because I put you in the way of possessing what I cannot hope for?"—smiling sadly.

"When will you go to Willow-Bank Farm Will?"

"I will get leave to-morrow, and go down with you," answered Wilfred.

"That is well. Good-night, old fellow. I am tired to death."

And, while Sir Mark went up to the room prepared for him, Wilfred returned to the sitting-room, lighted a fresh cigar, and sat late into the night smoking, and thinking whether he cared sufficiently for Olive Walpole to warrant the sacrifice he was about to make for her sake.

"She's a lovely creature, and will make a good little wife," was the result of his meditations.

"She's prettier than Lucia by a long way—and so brilliant!

"She will make a sensation in the regiment.

"And Mark? What a good fellow he is! For he loves her."

So saying, Captain Treherne glanced at the clock, and, seeing the lateness of the hour, recollected early parade, and marched off to bed.

CHAPTER X.

"DO you mean that she has refused you?"

"Refused me in the most decided manner;" and Captain Treherne passed his fingers through his curly yellow hair and looked at his reflection in the glass over the mantelpiece, an almost comical expression of surprise and dismay mingling with the undoubted relief on his face.

"But how? I do not understand," said Sir Mark wearily, pushing the thick dark hair from his forehead with a troubled gesture.

"Did you catch the meaning clearly, Will? Did you make your own plan to her?"

"My dear fellow, yes!" answered Wilfred rather impatiently.

"She understood perfectly that I asked her to be my wife; and she refused me."

"It is inexplicable!" said Sir Mark, beginning to pace the room with hasty steps.

"She—she loves you, I am sure. What does she say?"

"She turned very pale," answered Wilfred, "and did not speak for a moment; then she looked at me full with those great solemn eyes of hers, and said, 'Why do you ask me, Captain Treherne?'

"And, without giving me time to answer, she said passionately, 'Is it because you think you can compromise me?

"Ah, surely if that be the case you have wronged me enough without doing me greater wrong of all—making me an unloved wife!'"

"She said that?"—and Sir Mark stopped his perambulation.

"Yes. I answered her frankly that I cared for her more than for any other woman I had ever known, and that I would do my utmost to make her happy.

"She listened in perfect silence until I told her of your goodness and generosity. Then the calm of her face broke, her lips quivered, and her eyes filled; and I thought she was going to get hysterical in feminine fashion!"

"Well?"

"Well," resumed Captain Treherne, "she controlled herself, and said only, 'He is very good; but it cannot be!'

"And, when I urged her to give me her reasons, she said that she knew and felt it was merely generosity and pity for her position which had prompted my words, that she thanked me, but that it could not be."

"She is too proud," said Sir Mark slowly. "Poor child, she thought you did not love her."

There was a short silence.

"Do you know, Mark," said Captain Treherne at last, "that I cannot help thinking we are laboring under a mistake, of which those verses are the cause.

"I think some underhand agency has been at work."

"Whose?"

"Lucia's."

"If Lucia has done this, jealousy is the cause," continued Captain Treherne quietly.

"And jealousy will drive people to incredible acts of deceit.

"I cannot believe that Olive Walpole would stoop to address such lines to me—nay, the subsequent events prove that; and some absurd notion of self-sacrifice has forced her to keep silence."

"Will you ascertain the truth, or shall I?" said Sir Mark instantly.

"Stay, it is better for me to go. Lucia is at Churston with your mother.

"I will go over at once, and there will be time to return to-night."

He was consulting his watch as he spoke, and comparing it with the timepiece on the mantel-shelf.

"I will walk over to the Vicarage and see Mr. Routh," said Captain Treherne. "They will give me some dinner, as it would be awkward to meet Olive."

The young men walked to the station in silence.

"As they stood on the platform Captain Treherne laid his hand on Mark's right shoulder.

"Mark," he said earnestly, "I wish to Heaven you would try your luck! From my heart I believe that she loves you."

Sir Mark turned very pale as he gave him one reproachful incredulous glance, and sprang into the train without answering.

Wilfred walked over to the Vicarage—where he knew the Vicar, his old tutor, would be glad to see him—in deep thought.

In the evening, at about eight o'clock, in the pleasant, dusky, shadow twilight of the autumn day, Sir Mark came back and walked slowly down the lane, which the scent of the honeysuckle and jessamine made so fragrant.

Captain Treherne, coming from the Vicarage, met him there as they had agreed, and saw that he looked worn and sad.

"It was Lucia," he said slowly and wearily, as they stood at the little gate. "It is a miserable story altogether, and one which sounds even worse in the repetition than it was in reality.

"Your cousin has had sufficient honesty to tell the truth at last.

"What the cause of her deep dislike to Olive was I do not know.

"She only says that she thought we were both interested in her, and she was jealous and angry; so she resolved to disgust us both.

"There is one thing also which will please you, Will," he went on, "as it clears your mother from the charge of ingratitude. The day the letter arrived from General Molesworth, Lady Churston was suffering from a bad headache, and she deputed your cousin to answer the letter, telling her to write kindly of Olive.

"Lady Churston was greatly shocked when she heard what she had written."

"I did not think Lucia capable of such business," said Captain Treherne. "But there is no knowing to what envy and jealousy will bring a woman.

"I have not the slightest doubt that Lucia aimed at being Lady Churston, Mark, and fancied poor little Olive would be the obstacle."

"Or she aimed at being Mrs. Treherne," returned Sir Mark, with a faint smile. "Is not that more likely, Will?"

"No, for she would have set to work differently," answered Wilfred coolly. "She would not have aroused my interest in Olive, and let my conduct compromise her in a manner which left me only one mode of action—the one you pointed out to me, Mark.

"The more I think of it," he went on, "the more I feel that Olive never cared for me, and that you——"

"This is folly!" interrupted Sir Mark angrily.

"You have guessed my secret, and think that——"

"And Lucia guessed Olive's," said Captain Treherne; "and that is what prompted her."

"I cannot tell you what prompted her," returned Sir Mark wearily; "but she has confessed that she hated Olive, and, having obtained from her the copy of the verses, added the Spanish words and your address herself, imitating Olive's handwriting. She tells me she counted on Lady Churston's dismissing Olive without giving her any reason for so doing."

"What made Olive keep silence?"

"Lucia led her to think that she was engaged to me," answered Sir Mark in a low tone.

"Now, Will, if you love her, go and tell her you know all."

"In your presence only," said Wilfred Treherne, with a new resolve in his face:

and then, smiling, as Sir Mark's dark eyes met his in questioning surprise, he added, "Do not fear, old fellow; Olive shall be made happy."

He passed his arm slowly within Sir Mark's, and they went into the garden together.

In the half-light they could distinguish Violet leaning back in her invalid-chair, and Olive sitting on a stool by her side, resting her head against the arm.

The girls were talking earnestly—so earnestly that they did not appear to hear the footsteps on the gravelled path, and, as they drew near, the young men could hear that Violet was urging her companion to recite something to her.

"You won't sing, senorita," she was saying in her sweet young voice.

"You say you are dull to-night. But, dear Olive, you have been dull for many days now."

"I am afraid I have," answered Olive sadly.

"You are not to be dull. It is stupid," pouted Violet.

"Come, naughty senorita, make yourself more agreeable and recite me something."

"What shall it be?" said Olive, smiling.

"Those pretty lines of Mrs. Hemans's we came across the other day."

"Why those lines, Violet?" asked Olive in a low voice.

"They are so pretty, senorita."

There was a moment's silence.

Olive began to recite the lines, but suddenly she broke off and rose with a nervous start.

"There is some one here," she said very quickly, and the two gentlemen came forward.

"Well, Mark," exclaimed Violet, springing up suddenly, "I thought you were gone."

"We have returned," answered Sir Mark slowly.

"Do not run away, Olive, for we want to speak to you.

"Violet, I do not think you are ever de trop where Olive is concerned."

"No," said Olive quickly, as she took Violet's hand in hers; and for a moment no one spoke.

"Olive," said Sir Mark at last, putting his hand on Wilfred's shoulder, "this morning my brother asked you a question which you did not answer so favorably as I expected; and, when we talked the matter over, we thought we knew your motives.

"Since then I have been to Churston, and have learned from Miss Allan the truth respecting the verses for which you were so harshly censured—which you, in your generosity, concealed from me.

"My brother has come to-night to repeat the question; and he hopes, and I hope most sincerely, that you will give him another answer."

"Sir Mark has only omitted one thing, Olive," said Captain Treherne, in a frank manly voice.

"You were laboring under a mistake in believing that he was engaged to my cousin Lucia. No such engagement ever existed."

Violet glanced from one to the other in wondering surprise.

Olive strove to speak once or twice, but failed.

"We are waiting," said Sir Mark at last, in a husky strained voice.

"You are very good, very generous, Captain Treherne," said the girl very gently; "but my answer must remain the same."

"There is only one reason which need urge you to make such a one," said Sir Mark. "Do you love my brother?"

"I do not," answered Olive faintly.

"But you," began Sir Mark, when Violet interposed.

"But you like him, Olive. Why not marry him?

"It will be so nice!" she said eagerly. "You like him—you know you do!"

"But I cannot marry him," answered Olive, trying to smile; but her voice was low and tremulous.

"Shall I tell you why, Violet?" said Captain Treherne promptly.

"Because her love for another man is stronger a thousand times than her liking for me.

"Because he, in his noble generosity and deep love, would sacrifice his own happiness to what he supposes will make hers, while he does not see that it is in his power to make her happy; for his love alone can do it!"

The deep crimson flooded Olive's face for a moment, and then, receding, left her white as death.

"How can you be so cruel!" she said piteously. "It is not true! It is false."

"I do not need that assurance, my child," said Sir Mark, in a husky voice, his face full of painful emotion.

"There is but one thing true in Will's speech—that I would gladly give my happiness to purchase yours.

"The rest—ah, no! I know such happiness is for me!"

He turned away hastily and went down the gravel path with hurried uneven steps.

"Olive," said Will softly, "he loves you. Can you see him suffer?"

There was one moment's hesitation, one moment's trembling, and Olive was at his side, her little hand on his arm.

And in a broken and tremulous voice he said softly—

"Mark—oh, Mark, I love you!"

[THE END]

ALWAYS keep a clear conscience.

Satisfied.

BY BLAKE PAXSON.

"WHAT a scattering there will be to-morrow," Fred Armitage said, sauntering into the sitting-room where Miss Marcia Galbraith sat crocheting. She glanced up carelessly.

It was quite impossible for any woman to remain ignorant of his adoration, when so very much was expressed by his soft gray eyes.

Handsome they were, but she had tried all along to ignore the fact.

"Yes," she answered, indifferently.

"And there'll be changes enough before we meet, if we ever should again."

"Hardly probable."

Then she went on with her work in the most provoking manner.

She was so cool and calm, so unapproachable when she chose, that Fred hardly knew how to begin the attack.

It was so seldom that he saw her alone, that now he had an uncomfortable idea that he ought to make the most of his time.

"I wish you'd go out for a row with me this evening, Miss Gilbraith. There will not be any moon, but you are so fond of the water, and not a bit timid—"

"Thank you, but I have an engagement for this evening."

Her voice was cool also, with a silvery strain in it, and very sweet to hear.

"I'm so sorry. We would not be out very long.

"No; really, promising would be useless, when I know I should not be able to perform."

She said this, with a smile that was almost sad, and the poor fellow's heart gave a great bound.

There was no chance to drag in all he had intended to say to-night, and he had the sense to see it.

So he treasured it in his heart, and began some harmless gossip.

Marcia Galbraith had come to this old-fashioned country house with her cousin, to spend her month's vacation, intending to have a quiet, lazy time.

But just opposite there was a house full of young men, so she, her cousin, and the two Granger girls had been in great demand.

That it had been pleasant, she could not deny.

Something more, perhaps, and looking over the wide hazy bay, she forgot what Fred Armitage was saying.

Presently a name arrested her attention.

"I didn't hear it until last night," he said. "She's an heiress—some connection, I believe, and they are to be married about Christmas. He is going to Newton to meet the party."

"Mr. Rossiter?" she asked, in a wandering manner, seemingly striving to recall her thoughts.

"Yes; he has stolen a march upon us—been having all the fun when no one suspected him. That is hardly fair, I think. I don't believe he cares a great deal for her, though."

"It is hardly fair to test one's regard in such a manner, and on so short an acquaintance. We could not expect him to go about proclaiming to everybody that he was engaged."

If anything in that fact struck home, Fred Armitage was not to know it.

If an abyss yawned suddenly at her feet, she would not see it, but turned her eyes resolutely away.

Not a change passed over her lovely face, and the depths of her hazel eyes were like an untroubled sea.

She went on chatting with Fred until Dora Granger and her cousin entered the room, then she discovered that she needed a particular shade of wool, which was upstairs, and left them, though Fred looked after her with longing eyes.

Just three weeks ago she had met Mr. Rossiter.

If any one had told her last night that she was in love, she would have scouted the idea.

And now, as little would she have confessed, but the eyes looking over the bay were filled with a sudden shadow—a hard, bitter expression.

Her world lay in ruins at her feet.

Last night, after the dancing, he had whispered to her—

"Our party breaks up on Thursday morning, you know. I am going to Newton to meet some friends, but if the engagements were not so positive I would not stir one step.

"These three weeks have been just like a dream to me; but to-morrow evening I want you to go out on the bay with me. It will be something to remember all our lives."

The words had been uttered in a breath, and his lips rested for one moment on her hand.

The scarlet lips had been tempted to envy the white fingers then; now she brushed them vehemently against her dress, and bit the throbbing lips.

Had he dared to trifle with her?

And yet nothing objectionable had been uttered.

But she had read a story in his eyes and tone—the story that is very seldom misunderstood.

If he were not free, he had no right to even think of her in this manner?

What if it were idle gossip? Was it right to condemn him unheard?

He was not over in the afternoon, and Marcia felt thankful. She wanted to see him alone, first of all.

She would take this suit and learn the truth of the story, and then—well, what then?

Could she live over the brief—very brief—past?

The girls were used to seeing her reserved almost to haughtiness.

Her cousin Lucy was such a contrast—always ready for a joke, and entertaining everyone that came within her circle.

Truth to tell, she had been the strong attraction to the Granger house.

After supper they began to stroll off by twos.

Fred watched Marcia.

One moment she stood talking with a group, and the next she was gone.

Rossiter had disappeared also.

Was that her engagement?

The indignant blood surged up to the heart of Fred Armitage.

"He can't marry her, anyhow," he said to himself; "but it's very mean to take her last night. However, I shall see her in the city."

And that was some consolation.

Marcia and Mr. Rossiter walked down the path to the bay.

Although there was no moon, the night was faultlessly clear, and the sky was glittering with stars.

He had slipped her hand within his arm, and hurried her on in a fashion quite unusual for him.

Now and then he drew a hard breath, that shook his whole frame.

There was something strong and irresistible about the man.

His steel gray eyes, his broad, square forehead, and the compressed lips expressed much will and power of mastery.

This had attracted Marcia at first, and even now swayed her unconsciously.

"I have been thinking of this all day," he said, as he handed her into the boat, "counting every moment till I could have you alone for the last dear time. An hour ago I felt inclined to throw up everything and stay for your sake; but you leave on Friday."

"Yes, next week I go back to common life; my holiday is over."

Her voice was careless almost to gaiety.

"If there could be no reality—if one could stay here and dream forever."

"But there is!" she exclaimed, with a sharp pang that she could not help.

He made no immediate reply.

She listened to the plash of the oars and the murmur of the water, that sounded like a distant echo.

Twice before she had been out here alone with him, and he had made the hours doubly fascinating with his weird poems and brilliant talk. But to-night she could not yield to the charm, for her the spell was broken.

"How quiet you are!" he said presently; "Miss Gilbraith, I think I understand your mood; some strange influence brings us together—a feeling more potent than friendship."

Did he avow a passion of love, when he was already bound?

Or what if he was free?

He let the boat float, and, reaching over, took her hand.

"Are you cold?" he asked, with a sudden shock.

And, before she could think, his fervent kisses were sending thrills of fire through the limp fingers.

"Mr. Rossiter, what does this mean?" she asked, with sudden haughtiness, snatching her hand away.

He folded his arms across his broad chest and, even in the dusk, she saw his face gloom over.

"It means that I love you," he said, huskily. "I have tried hard not to say it, but it is the truth."

She understood then that there must be some cause why he should not say it, and all the indignation of a proud woman who felt herself bitterly wronged was roused.

"Yes, I love you," he repeated, with a tender inflection, as if it were sweet to say.

"And since the words are the right of another woman, to me they are but insult."

"You know, then?"

And his hands dropped nervously on his knees.

"I know that you have so little regard for truth and fidelity, that, being engaged to one woman, you think it right and fair to amuse yourself trifling with another. If you had stopped short of words, it would have been less dishonorable."

"Good Heaven! you wrong me, indeed. I deserve your reproaches, but I am not wholly destitute of honor. My course may have been reprehensible, yet, until yesterday, I harbored no thought that could wrong you or another.

"I had lingered in your society, admired been interested and entertained; but last night I knew I loved you.

"I should have kept away, then—not so much as trusted myself in your presence, and yet, when a man comes to the true love of his life——"

"Do not speak of that to me, Mr. Rossiter."

And her voice was cold and sharp.

"Yes, I will be heard once."

And she felt herself swayed by his resistless voice.

"Two years ago I became engaged to a woman, to whose family I owe a debt of gratitude. She was in poor health, and fancied that she loved me. The knowledge came to me through a third person, and in a most delicate manner.

"I was perfectly free, and did like her—it seemed an easy step to love. She had wealth, position—everything that was tempting——"

"And you were tempted," Miss Galbraith interposed.

"I meant to make her happy, thinking it no sacrifice on my part," he went on, not taking up her sarcasm. "Nay, though you may not believe it, I have been true and honorable, even though I learned, after a while, that it would not be for my highest happiness. And then it was my misfortune to meet you."

A great misfortune, truly."

And there was a sneer in her voice.

"Oh, Miss Galbraith, be a little merciful. Was it my fault that your eyes were deep, tender, and luminous, your smile radiant, your voice soft and penetrating, making every pulse of my frame reply?

"I should have been ice or marble; but I am only a man, and I loved you unwittingly. I wanted you to hear the story from my own lips first, thinking you might judge me less harshly.

"I meant to tell you to-night, to ask back my freedom, but I was weakly misled into this false step that has ruined my cause. Have you no pity? Can you not forgive?"

"I do not know why I should pity you, Mr. Rossiter. I heard the story by accident this morning; otherwise I should have had no safe-guard, if my fancy had led me in your direction.

"How could I tell from this fair exterior whether you were worthy to be loved or not?"

"And I have sinned beyond redemption in your estimation?" he said, with a great gasp. "If I were free——"

"You could be nothing to me, Mr. Rossiter."

Her words cut like a knife.

She was angry, and felt herself ill-used, taken up as a plaything to help while away an idle hour.

And then she would offer no premium on his falseness to another woman.

Was it likely that a man of his stamp would give up wealth and position for an idle fancy?

"Miss Galbraith, I don't mean to ask you now. I want to earn your favor and approval to convince you that I am not utterly base at heart.

"If you will allow me to redeem this miserable mistake, and tell that I may win my great hope at last, I will wait patiently."

"Your duty is towards another," she replied, in a cold tone. "And now, Mr. Rossiter, let us return. We can have nothing further to say to each other."

He uttered one wild, passionate entreaty for forgiveness, but marble itself could not be more obdurate.

Slowly homeward they went, but there was no music in the plash of the oar, or the murmur of the waves.

And when he assisted her out, she noticed that his hands were as cold as her own.

"Our last evening, our last hour together," he said, standing in the shadow of the great elms. "Heaven knows that to lose your esteem is a sore punishment. Is there no pardon?"

But she was too proud to relent, and they parted in coldness and silence.

He had fancied that she cared for him, yet she had not shown it by word or look.

Was he at all versed in reading a woman's heart?

She hurried to her room.

The dream of her life was over.

From bewildering romance she had come to the dull grey of reality.

Lighting her candle, she opened a little box that stood on her dressing-table.

A cluster of withered flowers, that in their bloom and beauty had been as precious as her rare gems.

One night Mr. Rossiter had fastened this rose in her hair.

A sad, suggestive sweetness still hung about it.

A faded knot of pansies in undying purple and gold—and she remembered he had said of them—

"It reminds me of a true and steadfast friend, for they always seem to look at one out of such great, honest eyes."

And she had thought then that they were like him.

She crushed them to powder now in her angry clasp.

Out of the window she scattered them.

She would not keep one token of the man who would have deceived her.

The interest and regard should fare the same way.

Not one pleasant memory should remain.

She seemed to uproot every vestige with one burst of passionate determination, and laughed bitterly.

Free, but a ruin—a mound of dust and ashes.

Were there any traces of it in her face?

She looked long and eagerly.

No, not one.

A proud, strong, lovely face.

"If I were rich and in his world, he should suffer," she said, through firm, white lips. "Every pain should be repaid with interest."

But she was not in his world.

She went back to the city and to her usual occupation.

The veriest drudgery it seemed now.

And though she made a hard fight against the phantoms that peopled her solitary hours, she could not quite exercise them.

In spite of coldness and occasional rebuffs, Fred Armitage never gave up his hope.

He did love her, and he meant to win her if it should take seven years.

When he told her of this, his devotion touched her heart.

"I'm not worthy of it, Fred, she said, with strange tenderness. "I can never love you as you deserve."

"But I am willing to take what you can give, and wait for the rest. A little love

from you would be more than the heart of any other woman laid at my very feet; and I'd try to make you so happy. Don't send me away."

Why should she shut herself out of the joy that brightened other women's lives for the sake of a man who cared nothing for her?

He was taking the sparkle of the wine, so why should she sit solitary over the dregs?

She half yielded to Fred's persuasion, and gave him the chance for which he pleaded so eloquently.

And yet the effort she made to love showed her how deeply her heart had been concerned, in spite of her resolves.

The memory had not shared the fate of the flowers, and though she hated herself for lingering over it, she found that she could not banish it.

And then she determined to be true to herself, at least, not to thrust any miserable falsehood upon her life.

But Fred Armitage thought it very hard.

"I will tell you the truth," Marcia said, bravely.

"Another face comes between us, the face of a man whom I was weak enough to love unwittingly.

"I will not wrong any other man by giving him half a heart, and most of all, one so generous as you."

"And this man——"

"No matter about him.

"Since the weakness was mine, I will bear the rest also. I cannot learn the lesson again."

Something in the voice seemed final, and fell like a knell upon Fred's heart.

And though he half suspected the truth, he possessed too much delicacy to mention Rossiter's name.

Marcia looked resolute into the future.

To grow old, always laboring for her daily bread, to have no delightful home, no sweet, heartsome greetings, no fond words or kisses to cheer.

Well, it might have been different.

Did she regret?

One day a note was left for her, the superscription of which was in a familiar hand.

She studied it for several moments, then broke it open with a strange presentiment that the contents were in some way to affect her destiny.

It contained a notice of a marriage cut from a paper, and at the end of the note her eye caught Harold Rossiter's name.

Many a time she had thought of him as being married, but what had he to say to her now?

And the haughty blood mounted to her forehead, while every pulse quivered.

At last she gained courage to read.

"DEAR MARCIA,—I hasten to send you this that you may know I have obtained an honorable freedom.

"Miss Lennard dissolved the bond between us, and though this was done some months ago, I would not come or write until I felt that I had in some measure, by a sore and rigid self-denial, atoned for my past fault.

"Not a day has passed that has not been rendered more sacred by dreams of you, and now I shall come for the forgiveness you withheld last summer.

"Be merciful, when I plead my cause this evening."

Marcia stood quite white and still.

She did not ask herself if she would forgive him, she could only think that her romance was not ended as she had said a day ago.

Her heart gave a great exultant bound.

This evening!

So near to rest and happiness!

Then she read the marriage notice again.

Miss Lennard had linked her destiny with another.

Was she satisfied and content?

In her heart Marcia Galbraith felt that the woman who had once truly loved Harold Rossiter could never turn to another.

At least she had found it thus, and then she blushed in the silence and solitude at the tacit confession made to herself.

When Mr. Rossiter held her in his arms that evening, and breathed in his impassioned voice an entreaty for pardon, some of her old pride returned.

"No," he said, "you shall not banish me.

"Make me wait until you are amply satisfied, but I think you love me, and you shall not wreck us both for a momentary gratification."

"You may be over hasty in your conclusions," she said, slowly.

"If you were free, why couldn't you have loved Fred Armitage?

"Ah, you see I know all that episode, and it gave me hope. But, my darling, if I had lost you——"

For a moment both felt how narrowly they had missed the gulf of despair.

He felt the quick clasp of her hand, and returned it with eager kisses, and she was satisfied to take her great joy in tender silence.

A COUNTRYMAN, with his bride, stopped at a hotel the other day. At dinner, when the waiter presented a bill of fare, the young man inquired, "What's that?" "Bill of fare, sir," replied the waiter. The countryman took it in his hands, looked inquiringly at his wife and then at the waiter, and finally dived his hand into his pocket and inquired; "How much is it?"

A TOUGH morsel—The "crust" of the earth.

Her Crime Atoned.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE" "VERA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER II.—[CONTINUED.]

VIVIEN turned away and began walking rapidly from the pool, for brave and healthy as she was, she could not repress a thrill of half superstitious dread that seemed almost involuntary.

"The place looks as if it might be haunted," she said to herself, and then laughed at her own fears—all the same she decided she would never willingly pass the spot after dark.

She had not proceeded very far when she came to a sort of high tower, doubtless the remains of some Norman abbey which stood on the bank of a stream, in whose rocky bed lay several large stones which served in lieu of a bridge.

Little of the tower was now left save the walls and the flooring of one of the upper rooms, for it had long been open to all the winds of Heaven, and become the resting-place of owls and bats and other denizens of the night.

Still the outer masonry was intact, and Vivien, in whom a very keen spirit of inquiry existed, mounted the steps until she came to the top, a level plateau at a considerable height, from whence a good view of the surrounding scenery could be obtained.

She was standing, with a daring disregard of danger, on the extreme edge of this plateau, when the sharp report of a gun broke the December stillness, causing her to start nervously, and at the same moment part of the old masonry on which she stood gave way, and before she had time even to think her foothold slipped from under her, and she fell.

But not to the ground.

With the instinct of self-preservation that is keenest in moment of peril she flung out her hands, and contrived with one to clutch hold of a few tufts of vegetation growing out of the stonework, while the other grasped desperately at one of the stones themselves, one from which the mortar had crumbled away, thus leaving a sort of hole in which she could insert her fingers.

But she knew she could not hold on for long—certainly not more than a few minutes—and a sort of mist came before her eyes, and a sick terror to her heart as she thought of what must happen when she fell, for the stream was brawling along just below, and she would inevitably be dashed to pieces against those cruel stones.

All at once, with the swiftness of lightning, she remembered the gunshot—the man who had fired that must be somewhere near at hand, and might come to her aid.

At any rate, she would call him—she would not die without one effort for the life that was so dear to her—the life in which she had hoped to do such great things, and which seemed all the sweeter to her now that it was in peril.

"Help—help!"

The cry rang out clear and piercing in the frosty winter stillness, and a man heard it—a man who had been accustomed to the woods all his life, and who had no difficulty in deciding from whence the sound proceeded.

He was more than surprised, for this part of the wood was seldom invaded except by gamekeepers and himself, and he knew the voice that called had been a woman's.

However, he lost no time in useless speculations, but threw down his gun, and in another minute was in front of the tower, and had seen the slender figure clinging to it.

"Hold on—I will save you!" he cried out and with the swift agility of a mountaineer he leaped up the steps and stood on the plateau almost before the echo of his own tones had died away.

Arrived there, he threw himself flat down and looked over the edge.

Yes, he could reach her, only he must be careful, otherwise the effort of saving her would result in dragging him over as well.

To Vivien, hours instead of seconds seemed to have elapsed since she fell, and a horrible dread ran through her veins as she felt the tufts by which she was holding slowly giving way.

She tried to throw all her weight on her other hand, and closed her eyes, while a mute prayer went up to Heaven for mercy.

Suddenly she felt her wrist clasped as with a grasp of iron, and a strong, firm hand drew her slowly upwards—very, very slowly, until at last she lay on the plateau, pale and unnerved, but—saved!

Just for one moment she remained on her knees and covered her face with her hands, then she stretched them out to her rescuer.

"You have saved my life!" she exclaimed, in low tones that were unconsciously tragic. "How can I say how grateful I feel!"

"Grateful!" he repeated, almost incredulously, and with a sneer.

"Is it possible that life can be to anyone a source of gratitude?"

She looked at him wonderingly, unable to comprehend the bitterness of his words.

He was a tall, strongly-built man, with a dark bronzed face and piercing black eyes, a man one would turn to look after in a crowd because of the distinct individuality that stamped him, and which would have singled him out from amongst thousands.

His age seemed to be about thirty or a little over, but there was a terrible weariness in his expression—a dreary hopelessness in his eyes, the like of which Vivien had never seen before, and which haunted her long afterwards.

"I should be sorry to die, especially in such an awful way," she said, shuddering, "and even if you refuse to accept my thanks I shall never forget the risk you yourself ran in saving me."

"The risk was not half as great as I have run hundreds of times before out of sheer bravado," he answered carelessly, and apparently quite unmoved by the girl's youth and beauty.

"Still, I am glad I happened to be on the spot to save your adventure from having a different termination.

"Don't you think you had better descend now?"

He stepped on one side to allow her to pass, but when she had taken a step forward she paused in indecision, for a sudden faintness, the reaction from her fright, came over her.

Her form swayed unsteadily to one side, and would have fallen had not her companion caught her, and taking her in his arms, carried her with scant ceremony down the steps, and then placed her on the fallen trunk of a tree that was lying close against the tower.

He pulled from the pocket of his velveteen shooting-jacket a flask of brandy, and without thinking it worth while to consult her inclinations held to her lips, saying—

"Drink this—it will revive you."

It did revive her, effectually, for the fiery spirit was undiluted, and it scorched her throat and made her gasp, but all the same it lent her strength, and she rose half laughing in spite of the tears that were in her eyes.

"You don't know much about how to treat fainting girls," she said, smiling, and glancing at him rather archly—a glance that fell perfectly harmless, for though he was looking straight at her the gloom of his brow never lightened, and he stooped and picked up his gun as if bent on instant departure.

"Before you go, let me tell you who I am," she went on, rather hurriedly, "my name is Vivien Etheredge."

He raised his eyes, and then, with the slightest possible bow in acknowledgment of her self introduction, lowered them instantly.

"Will you not tell me to whom I am indebted for this service?" she added, after a pause, and finding he made no attempt to imitate her candor.

He hesitated before replying.

"Certainly, if such be your wish; I am Keith Gordon," he said, looking at her very keenly as he spoke.

It seemed to her that finding she made no remark, and that her face expressed nothing beyond surprise, he breathed a half sigh of relief.

"I think from what you say that you take an exaggerated view of my action."

He added, slightingly, "I did nothing at all out of the common, and I have no desire to attain the elevation of a hero of romance."

Vivien's color deepened, for the speech, if not actually rude, verged closely on the borders of rudeness, and she had never been accustomed to anything but admiration from men all her life long.

This Keith Gordon could not have remained more perfectly unmoved if she had been a statue, or an old woman of seventy, and although she knew the disdain in his voice was not meant for her, she could not help feeling chilled by it.

She said good-bye, and walked a minute to see whether he would make any effort to hold out his hand and take the one she was ready to extend.

The idea did not seem to occur to him, and, curiously disappointed, the girl retraced her steps, and got back to the Court with a sort of consciousness that a new element had entered her life since she left it.

CHAPTER III.

ROY did not return until rather late that evening.

He came in, damp and weary, for he had had a long tramp over the estates, and when he went into the study he found Vivien there, putting his slippers to warm in the fender, and drawing close to the fire a large arm-chair, in which he proceeded to ensconce himself, while she knelt beside him and told her morning's adventure.

Grateful as he undoubtedly was to Gordon for her rescue, the fact that she owed it to him seemed to occasion Roy considerable uneasiness.

"You will call on Mr. Gordon, and thank him, will you not, Roy?" asked Vivien, as she finished her story.

"I'm afraid I cannot, for the sake of public opinion," said the young man, his face clouding.

"You see, Vivien, he is as it were under a ban, and society has virtually closed its doors on him for a crime committed many years ago, which the law was not able to lay hold of."

"Crime!" interrupted the girl, her face flushing.

"What has he done then?"

"It is a long story, and I am grateful to him for saving you.

"Nevertheless it would not do for me to visit him, especially considering that Trevor Etheredge is under my roof."

"But what has he to do with it?"

"Did you not know that he married Gordon's sister, and that after her death the two men had a quarrel, which has never been patched up since?

"There is a mortal enmity between them, and Trevor even hates to hear his brother-in-law's name mentioned, so perhaps it will be as well for you to say nothing about what has happened to him. I——"

At that moment the door opened, and Trevor himself entered, thus putting an end to the conversation—greatly to Vivien's annoyance, for she would fain have asked her brother a dozen more questions concerning Gordon, in spite of the reluctance he manifested in speaking of him.

"What have you been doing all day?" inquired Trevor, as he seated himself opposite Roy, and took up a screen to hold between his face and the fire.

"Lots of things. When I found myself so near Wiltshire, I went into the town and saw Pennell—my lawyer, you know. I did not care for Winterton, the solicitor who managed the estates for my father—he always struck me as being a double dealing sort of fellow, and so I took my affairs out of his hands as soon as I could."

"Yes, I know," replied Trevor, with a slight smile, that the younger man did not see.

"Well, and did you have a business interview with Mr. Pennell?"

"Yes. There is a transaction pending that I want concluded, and, indeed, all the necessary formalities for my taking possession of the Etheredge estates have not yet been complied with, so it is urgent that I should look up various documents, the certificates of my parents' marriage, and my own birth included.

"I have not come across either yet in all the searches I made for my father's will, but I must lose no time in hunting them up now, and if I can't find them, I must advertise for the original ones.

"By-the-by, do you happen to know in what church my parents were married, Trevor?"

"No, I have never heard your father mention his marriage at all."

"Nor I, strangely enough."

"Begin your search to-morrow, Roy. I will help you," said Vivien.

"I cannot to-morrow," the young man answered, a flush coming on his face.

"I have to leave home early in the morning."

"But where are you going?"

"Somewhere on—on business; I shall no be back until the next morning," answered Roy, rather hastily, and he rose from his seat as if to put an end to his sister's questions.

This conversation may have had some influence on Mr. Trevor Etheredge's plans, for he sat up a long time that night, turning many things over in his subtle brain, until the fire in the grate had burnt down to a few glowing embers, and the raw cold of the winter's night warned him it was time to go to bed.

The next morning he, too, left the Court but by a later train than Roy.

And as soon as he arrived at Paddington he called a hansom and drove to some chambers in Lincoln's Inn.

"Mr. Winterton at home?" he asked of a clerk in the outer office.

"Yes, sir. What name, please?"

Etheredge tendered a card, and was soon afterwards ushered into a large and comfortably-furnished office, where a man of about fifty, with brown hair, and a hard, inscrutable-looking face was sitting in front of a table, covered with neatly arranged papers.

The two men shook hands, and as soon as the clerk had withdrawn Trevor seated himself opposite the lawyer.

"You got my letter this morning?" he inquired.

"Yes, and congratulate you on the result of your search.

"The case is in your own hands now."

"That is the point on which I want to consult you," said Trevor, lowering his voice, and drawing his arm-chair a little nearer.

"I suppose there is no doubt that, given Roy Etheredge is unable to prove his parents' marriage, my claim will be admitted?"

"None whatever. You are heir-at-law, and it is impossible to dispute your title."

"And the fact of the late Squire having brought up his children with him, and treating them as legitimate, would have no weight?"

"Certainly it would have a certain amount of weight, but, failing other proofs, it would not substantiate this young man's claim, and you must bear in mind that your cousin was never known any reference to his marriage."

"The reason for that being that he ran away with his wife, who was very young; and in order to marry her he had to commit perjury in swearing she was of age," put in Trevor, shrugging his shoulder scornfully, as if the delicacy of a man's conscience, which looked on undiscovered perjury as a crime, were to him inexplicable.

"He was always in mortal terror of that leaking out, and to avoid all risk he took his wife abroad, and the children were both born in Italy.

"The Squire did not return to England until after his wife's death."

"Still the world does not know his real motive, so it does not matter.

"But what are the terms of this will you have found?"

"They are rather peculiar, inasmuch as the testator divides his property equally between his two children, after bequeathing to me five thousand pounds."

"Then this Miss Vivien, supposing things

remained in their present attitude, would be heiress to a very large fortune.

"What sort of girl is she? She gave promise of beauty."

"And she has fulfilled it," said Trevor, emphatically, a flush mounting to his fair face.

"She is the loveliest woman I have ever seen."

The lawyer looked at him steadily, and then broke into a low laugh.

"You seem very enthusiastic, my dear friend.

"It would be curious if you were to fall in love with a girl whose money you intend appropriating.

"And besides, your first matrimonial venture was so unpleasant in its results that I should not have thought you would be willing to risk another."

Trevor bit his lips and moved uneasily in his chair—evidently he did not relish the allusion that the lawyer had made with a certain malicious enjoyment.

"A second might retrieve it," he answered, trying to speak lightly, and to say the truth I am more than half inclined to make the venture.

"In case Vivien became my wife, I should produce her brother from his inheritance, although of course I should produce the will, and get half the property, as well as my own five thousand.

"However, I must first of all secure myself in case of failure, and for that purpose I shall proceed to Glasbury to-night."

"You are playing rather a desperate game let me tell you," said Winterton, taking up a knife, and balancing it carefully on his finger, "if you should fail."

"There is no danger of that; you are my only confidant, and as you wrote to me at Cairo, and first suggested the plan directly after the Squire's death, and as, moreover, you are to have a substantial percentage on all I gain.

I don't think it at all probable you will betray me," responded Trevor, coolly, but casting a very penetrating glance on his confederate.

"You see, you have the double motive of spite and self-interest to keep you silent."

"Oh, you needn't be afraid of me. I, as you know, have an intense dislike to this young heir, who often tried to prevail on his father to employ another solicitor, because, forsooth, my manner of conducting a lawsuit did not come up to my young knight errant's idea of honor!

"I often resolved to cry quits with him some time, and my desire has lost none of its keenness.

"I only want to impress upon you the necessity of being careful."

"An utterly superfluous caution, my dear sir.

"When men are playing with edged tools, they are not apt to be distinguished by a disregard of the sharpness of their weapons, and I am fully aware of the necessity of keeping my eyes open."

He drew his watch from his pocket, and, after glancing at it, rose to go.

"And now, good-bye. Don't be under any apprehensions with regard to my courage.

"Remember, I have put my hand to the plough, and there is no turning back."

CHAPTER IV.

PERHAPS Roy Etheredge's reticence concerning his journey might have been understood if his sister could have seen him, late that afternoon, standing just within the porch of a little country church, away amongst the Welsh hills, talking very earnestly to a young girl of about nineteen—a fair little winsome maiden, who without being actually pretty, could yet lay claim to an expression of wonderful sweetness.

His arm was round her waist, and her pretty head, with its smart little velvet cap and bright-colored feather, nestled against his shoulder in a manner that left little doubt as to the relationship existing between them.

Of course they were lovers, and almost equally of course their true love had run very far from smoothly, inasmuch as Alice Matthison's uncle, the rector of Glasbury, had put his veto against their becoming engaged, and, while peremptorily forbidding Alice to hold any communication with Roy Etheredge, had taken every means in his power to see that this mandate was carried into effect.

But it is not to be supposed that a man of nearly sixty can outwit a girl of nineteen.

Although, as a rule, Alice was dutiful enough, and followed most of her guardian's directions, she thought in this instance a little license was not only excusable, but justified.

Consequently, as Roy dared not approach the rectory in his flying visits, she made a rule of meeting him in the church.

This was of rare occurrence, for they lived more than a hundred miles apart, therefore it was not often Roy could manage to get over.

Etheredge had met her accidentally some twelve months before, when he was passing through the village on a walking tour, and, after a very short wooing, he had approached her uncle and asked his consent to their betrothal—a request that had been dismissed with a curt refusal, for the rector had made up his mind that Alice should marry his own son, who was now out in India with his regiment, and he was certainly not inclined to forego his cherished project, and at the same time allow Alice's fortune to go out of the family for the trifling reason of the girl having fallen in love with someone else.

"I suppose there is no more chance of Mr. Matthison giving in now than there was six months ago, Alice?" said Roy, despondingly, and the girl shook her head.

"Less, I think, for he is firmly resolved I shall marry my cousin Jack, and he has threatened me with unheard-of penalties if he catches me holding any communication with you," she answered, with a very sad sigh.

"Oh, dear, how I wish I were of age!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Love and Duty.

BY M. W. PAXTON.

YOU have grown pale and thin since last we met. For my sake, Myrtle, if not for your own, you should take better care of yourself?"

Fred Folliott had met Myrtle Harrington face to face.

At first she had colored, and made as if she would avoid him.

But the encounter was inevitable, and the deep pink that overspread her cheek as her timid eyes met his, betokened that the meeting was not altogether disagreeable.

Myrtle Harrington was dressed in a suit of much-worn brown debege, guiltless of trimmings, and made up after the scantiest of fashions—but she needed not the external adjuncts of dress to set off the rare, delicate loveliness of her face and form.

She was tall and pale, with a transparent complexion, faintly colored with rose, blue eyes, deep and soft as velvet, and dewy crimson lips, while her luxuriant brown hair, waved in ripples of Nature's only crimping, was worn in a heavy coronet around the top of her head.

"Am I pale?" she said, hesitatingly.

"Not more than usual, I think. But then the weather is warm, and the atmosphere oppressive."

Mr. Folliott had turned and was walking with her now.

She glanced doubtfully up at him.

"Do not let me take you out of your way, Fred," she said.

"My way is yours, Myrtle; unless," and he looked keenly into her eyes, "you would prefer to be rid of my company."

"Fred, that is hardly just!"

"But you are the strangest girl, Myrtle!" he cried, impulsively; "I can't make you out at all. Sometimes I think you don't want my companionship."

Myrtle bit her lip.

"I can't help your thoughts, Fred."

"You love me?"

"You know that I do, Fred," she answered piteously.

"Then why will you not become my wife at once? Why will you toil on, wearing yourself out at that rousing machine, when I stand, ready and anxious at any moment to give you a home and work for us both? I have asked you the question many times before, Myrtle. I ask it now for the last time."

"I cannot marry you, Fred!" uttered Myrtle Harrington, with a paling cheek and faltering voice.

"But why not? You confess that you love me."

"If we could always follow the leadings of our hearts——"

Myrtle began.

And then she stopped.

"No, Fred; it is better that we should part at once.

"I have no right to ask you to wear out your life and youth in awaiting my possible future.

"Your love has been a bright spot in my clouded existence, and I thank you for it."

"Your words are a riddle, Myrtle."

"My life is a riddle," she retorted, impatiently. "And the key is in God's hand. Now good-bye, Fred!"

"For ever, Myrtle?"

"Yes, for ever."

"Myrtle," he cried, passionately, "you know that it cannot be so.

"You know that I can no more help loving you than the sun can help shining.

"You may scorn me and fling me away, if you choose, but I shall be your faithful slave still."

She stood looking sadly at him.

"Heaven bless you for those words, Fred. But you must go no farther with me now."

"May I not go home with you?"

"No."

"Why not?"

An expression of pain came over her countenance.

"Fred, you must not question me. You must only trust."

He turned away obedient to her words.

But as he walked slowly, losing himself, as it were, in the great current of humanity, a tangle of perplexed meditations flitted through his brain,

"I don't understand her at all," he muttered. "If I did not know that she was pure and true as an angel, I should think that some evil was at the root of this strange delay and mystery!

"Of one thing I am quite certain—life without Myrtle would be life not worth having."

That night a note came to Folliott's house, having these words—

"We must part for ever. Don't try to see me again—don't try to alter my resolve, for it would only cost us both needless pain. Believe me I have acted for the best.

"MYRTLE."

"But I will try to alter her resolve, and I'll alter it, too," Folliott muttered to himself, "or I'll know the reason why."

He was descending the steps of the front door when Charles Hyde, an intimate friend, came hurriedly in the opposite direction.

"Folliott I wanted to speak to you."

"But I am in a hurry!"

"So am I. Folliott, I have heard bad news—news very nearly concerning yourself, and another who is very dear to you."

"Not—Myrtle?"

"Yes. Myrtle. Be a man, Folliott, and cast her off. She is unworthy of you. She is an inebriate."

"Impossible!"

"My sister-in-law has a friend who occupies the next room to her, in Mrs. Dingwall's house, in Count Street, and she saw her staggering home at midnight last night: she heard the noise and comment of the house. She says, moreover, that it is a common occurrence!"

"Great Heaven!"

Folliott stood pale and stricken, as if some mortal blow had descended on his heart.

This, then, explained the note now lying in his pocket.

Myrtle had known that they never could be more to one another than they were now.

Myrtle's eye had penetrated further than his own could do.

Myrtle was an—inebriate.

He turned back again, sick at heart, rejecting the proffered consolation of the friend who felt its hollowness, even while he spoke.

Solitude alone could comfort him.

The next morning he left the city to try and fight the battle of his heart in the silence of nature.

But it was vain.

A week afterwards he returned.

"I would marry her if she was a common drunkard," he told himself. "I would try and redeem her—and if that were impossible, I would give my life to her, to shield her imperfections from the public eye.

"For she is mine—mine only, and for ever!"

With this obstinate determination in his heart, he went straight to the house, which was the only home poor Myrtle Harrington knew.

"Is it Miss Harrington you want?" said the honest maid of all work. "She's in trouble."

"In trouble?"

"It's her mother, sir. Just buried," said the girl lowering her voice to a whisper.

"Her mother! I never knew that she had one."

"No, nor anyone else," said Peggy, delighted with a new auditor to the nine days' wonder of the house. "It was a stepmother she was.

"She kept her in a place out in the country, till just of late, and when she got so bad they wouldn't keep her, poor Miss Myrtle had her here.

"'She was my father's wife,' says Miss Myrtle, 'and I must take care of her.'

"But no one knew but me and Mrs. Dingwall, what a trial Miss Myrtle had of it, trying to keep it from the rest, working all day, and watching the poor, drunken creature all night.

"She got out once or twice, and a pretty noise she made; but she's dead and gone now, and Miss Myrtle will get her reward for all she's done for the poor soul that had no friends but her in all the wide world."

As Peggy ceased her revelation, the door beyond opened, and Myrtle Harrington, dressed in plain but deep mourning, stood before her lover.

"Myrtle!" was all that he said.

And she came to him with wistful eyes and lips apart.

"You know it all, Fred?"

"I know it all, dearest. The obstacle is gone. You will be mine now?"

"I could not marry you, Fred, with that charge burdening my life.

"I could not weigh down a second existence with the blight of my own.

"I had to choose between love and duty, and I choose the bitterest lot, because I dared not cast off the responsibility God had laid upon me.

"Oh, the bitterness of that hour, when I wrote to you that we must part!"

"It's over now, dearest," Folliott whispered, softly. "And I shall not love my wife the less because she has wrought out the problem of duty!"

And Myrtle's secret, asleep in the grave, shadowed her life no longer!

ETIQUETTE IN MEXICO.—Native Mexican Gentleman—"I deeply regret to be obliged to inform you, my dear friend, that your actions last night in the presence of that charming senorita were very rude."

American Visitor—"You shock me. What did I do? I assure you that I tried my best to make a favorable impression on that lovely girl. In fact I am in love with her and would not offend her for the world."

Mexican—"I fear you have dashed your hopes then. She now considers you an ignorant boor, too beastly selfish to be trusted with any woman's happiness."

American—"Oh, it cannot be; it cannot be. What have I done?"

Mexican—"You lit a cigar in her presence——"

American—"But she assured me that she did not object to it."

Mexican—"And you smoked it to the end without——"

American—"Without what? Tell me quickly."

Mexican—"Without offering her one."

Scientific and Useful.

RUST.—To remove rust from tools, first scour them with emery moistened with sulphuric acid diluted with six volumes of water, rinse dry, and finish with oil and emery flour.

BARE-HEADS.—In a paper read before the Edinburgh Health Society, Dr. Almond referred to the custom of having the head covered out of doors and uncovered within doors as very injurious on account of its making people so sensitive to draughts of air as to cause them to take cold. Boys, he said, who went bareheaded out of doors could stand a greater amount of ventilation in school-rooms and sleeping-rooms than those who wore head coverings.

BLOOD-FOOD.—The use of blood as food for cattle has, it is stated, been the subject of experiment in Denmark by a chemist, who, as a result, has now invented and patented a new kind of cake, in which blood forms one of the chief ingredients. This new food is stated to be exceedingly nutritious and wholesome, and is eaten with avidity by all sorts of animals, and even by cows and horses, which have naturally a strong dislike to the smell of blood.

IN A SOLID STATE.—Solidified whisky is one of the many new things which the enterprise of this progressive age promises to bring into full realization and actual use in the near future, and, if Dame Rumor does not prove fickle, the day is not far distant when the ever-thirsty man can carry a plug of whisky in his pocket, just as a plug of tobacco is carried now. It is said that a Mr. Peterman, living in the village of Verona, on the outskirts of Pittsburg, this State, has discovered a process by which he can take whisky in its pure state and make it a solid mass. The inventor has already applied for a patent, and several New York capitalists have expressed a desire to go into the enterprise with him.

COOL AIR.—The French railway authorities are at present engaged in a series of experiments with a view of obtaining a means of cooling the atmosphere of their cars in summer. They have gone as far as India for suggestions, and the favorite experiment is with a kind of punkah. A long cylinder runs the length of the roof of the carriage, furnished with fans, set in motion by revolving the cylinder. After many systems tried, this seems the most practicable, and the only point in dispute is how to get the motive force. The surplus steam of the engine has been tried on one line, and on another a little arrangement like a windmill attached to each carriage, the motion of the train causing the wings to revolve, while the occupants of each carriage can regulate or arrest the stream of air.

TACK MACHINE.—A Connecticut man has perfected an automatic machine for making upholsterer's tacks, and is producing much good in that state. These tacks have so far been always imported, and the secret of the English manufacture is not known. Various attempts have been made in this country to devise machinery for producing these goods, but resulting in failure. One firm sunk $20,000 in the endeavor. Another firm, fifteen years ago, partly succeeded, but failed financially. The new machine turns out perfect tacks at the rate of 150 per minute. An average day's work is 60,000. One man can take care of four of these machines. By using different dies the heads may be either round or cone-shaped, and several sizes can be made. After shaping, another machine polishes the face of the metal. The immense quantity used is shown by the fact that an importer in New York receives eight or ten millions of these tacks monthly.

Farm and Garden.

SHEEP.—A writer urges more careful study of pure water and of drinks in general on the economy of animals. The privation of water tells more rapidly on health than abstinence from food. In every kind of beverage, the part efficacious for assuaging thirst is water. The quantity of water required by an animal will vary with the air's temperature and humidity. A sheep requires least and a pig most water; horses and cattle come between. In the care of sheep much water thins the blood. They ought not to be deprived of water, as many shepherds practice, nor at the same time allowed to entirely slake their thirst. The latter observation applies also to horses. The sheep and horses are, of domestic animals, the most sensitive to impure water. For draft animals and sheep warm drinks are enervating.

PETROLEUM AND WOOD.—Wood of white pine exposed fully to the weather, and treated with a wash of petroleum over sixteen years ago, says a farmer writer, remains hard and sound with about a sixth of an inch of the outside, or so far in as the oil penetrated, brown and compact, while further in the pine has the usual white appearance. The oil with its solid ingredients in solution, entered and filled the pores of the wood, and changed it both in texture and appearance to cedar. He used it first on the roof of a dwelling and on the shingles of several barns; and after a lapse of sixteen years they appear to be as sound as when first laid. Where the roofs are much shaded, no moss has formed on them. One of the barns had a steep roof, from which the oil caused the snow, as soon as it accumulated in any quantity, to slide freely, and this freedom from heavy loads of snow continued for several years.

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WOMAN AND HOME.

Life's happiness and home happiness depend so much on the husband and wife having one heart, that no woman should consider the first few years of wedded life lost in securing this.

Heaps of patience are required: faith, hoping against hope. In the hurly-burly of the world men have so much to try their tempers and worry them, it is not surprising they bring traces of life's struggle home with them, just as the best of them will now and then unwittingly hurt a woman's sensitive notions of refinement, and pain her by want of thought.

If she sulks, or expects them to own they are wrong, she sins against home happiness. If they are worth anything, they will make it up to her in their own often rough, awkward way, but it will be sweet to her, nevertheless.

The world may have set a hardening crust over the husband's heart, but this is most easily broken through in those early days of love and marriage by tenderness, sympathy and tact.

Do not, however, make the sympathy futile by over-talking—a kindly pressure of the husband's hand, a little forethought, waiting till he wishes to unburden his mind, without forcing confidence, will best establish your claim to be a worthy friend and help meet.

Men are apt to consider women more or less playthings—mistrusting their power of keeping a secret.

If, puffed up with the importance of his confidence, the wife confides in her dearest friend only once in her married life, she has irrevocably confirmed the impression.

The most difficult position for a woman is to make home life run smoothly where her husband is indifferent; but even the coldest and most unloving are to be won by cheerfulness, patience, and good temper.

Temper; yes, a very admirable thing in men and women is an even temper. A want of self-restraint mars home life more than anything else.

Neither children nor servants should be permitted to give way to bad humors; but it is difficult to enforce in others what you do not practice, and a little tact and consideration for others' weaknesses will save a great deal of misery in this way.

Some men are always inclined to be cross in the early morning, when their minds are intent on the day's work, possibly with some unpalatable items in the day's programme before them.

Forewarned is forearmed; the fact that it is so should be duly recognized, and nothing done to ruffle or annoy them.

SANCTUM CHAT.

EVERY man must sleep according to his temperament. Eight hours is the average. If a man requires a little more or less, he will find it out for himself. Whoever by work, pleasure, sorrow, or by any other cause, is regularly diminishing his sleep, is destroying his life. A man may hold out for a time, but nature keeps close accounts, and no man can deceive her.

—

"TREE-PLANTING DAY," a Boston paper suggests, would make a pleasant and useful addition to the list of anniversaries in the East. "The older school children of the suburbs and country towns would enjoy the practice hugely, and it would be but a few years before the Sahara-like streets and squares, now so common in New England towns, since the 'rural improvement societies' got to work, would be changed into verdant ones."

—

AT a meeting of the New York Anthropological Society, recently, one member declared that he believed he had demonstrated the truth of thought transference, and, among other curious things, said that he had established thought dialogue between himself and a patient in a trance state, calling the patient out of the trance by himself thinking the order to wake up, and receiving the patient's answer; also a mental one.

—

A RECENT large fire in London has elicited, among other communications to the newspapers of that city, one in which the writer says; "I recommend that on retiring to rest you should place a pocket-handkerchief under your pillow. Should you be aroused by an alarm of fire, steep the handkerchief in water and tie it round your head, covering your mouth and nostrils. This will enable the wearer to withstand the suffocating influence of smoke, and give him or her a valuable chance of escape. For years I was an amateur fireman, and so proved the efficacy of this plan."

—

THE agony of agonies this season which most attracts the attention of the ladies fair, is the hand-painted bonnet. Hours of intense thought and quarts of paint are wasted in an attempt to imitate the flower of the field or plumage of birds, with varying success. Once in a while a bonnet is painted that is "perfectly awfully lovely," and then again a bonnet is taken from the easel looking very much as if it had accidentally rolled across the fair artist's palette. We saw one the other day that resembled a pan of sour milk after a thunder storm, in delicate shading. It is largely a matter of artistic culture whether the bonnet be a success or not.

—

THE skyward growth of buildings in New York has attracted the State Legislature, and it is not unlikely that, in the end, the law will step in between the city lots and the sky. It is proposed to limit the height to seventy feet on streets not exceeding sixty feet in width; if the streets are wider, the buildings may be eighty feet high. A building going up there is reported to aspire to the height of fifteen stories. One by one our old illusions vanish. It used to be said: "The lot extends up to the sky;" but the high house cuts off light from its neighbor, and, worst of all its faults, its roof is out of reach of the fire department's hose-pipes—it may set the city on fire.

—

MUCH cry and little wool often marks the operation of our legislative bodies. At this session the Senate talked two hours upon, and finally passed, a bill to pay $15 from the Treasury to a Chicago firm which overpaid that amount of taxes, and a bill has been pending in Congress for several years to reimburse a private of the Twenty-third Infantry, a colored man, for clothing destroyed. President Grant once vetoed a bill that authorized a rebate of $9—not because of the amount, but the principle involved, and Senator McCreery, of Kentucky, made the greatest speech of his life when he tried to get the Senate to pass the bill over the President's veto. The Secretary of the Treasury wrote a letter to Congress, saying that millions of dollars were involved in the bill, and the debated upon its passage lasted several days.

—

THE Japanese native papers are crying out at the extinction of the lacquer industry of the country. The tree from which the varnish is obtained is disappearing. Formerly, like the mulberry tree, on which the silkworm feeds, it was protected by law. Each family of the upper classes was compelled to rear one hundred trees, the middle classes seventy, and the lower classes forty. Since this law fell into desuetude the cultivation of the lacquer tree has rapidly declined. The trees were cut down without care, and none were planted to replace them, so that they have become exceedingly rare, while the price of lacquer has enormously increased. Similar complaints, too, are heard of the process of disafforestation going on in Japan since the ancient law which required every one who cut down a tree to plant two in its place, was abolished.

—

PROMINENT men, including a great many clergymen, are said to be believers in the mind cure. Diseases of all kinds, it is claimed, are because of a lack of faith. Fear, which is inverted faith, is one of the inciting causes of physical ailment. Of course this craze is but the repetition of an old, old story. From the medicine man in his wigwam, all through the history of the race, certain religious, mystical zealots have claimed that mind is so far superior to matter as to be able to control it. The power to heal the sick is regarded in many countries, as it has been in all ages, as a warrant from the Most High to prove the truth of certain theological dogmas. It is, however, surprising that so intelligent a community as that of Boston should give acceptance to so old a superstition. It is, nevertheless, true that the imagination has much to do with the fancied ailments of nervous people. Many hundreds of thousands of human beings think they are sick when all they really need is some stimulus that will set them to work, or some absorbing pursuit that will take them out of themselves. When one's energies are directed outward instead of inward, there is no time for brooding over fancied ailments. This is all there is in faith cures or mind cures.

—

CONSIDERABLE attention has recently been attracted to a new system of treating obesity, and on which a treatise lately appeared in London. The diet of a cured patient was something like the following: For breakfast, a large cup of black tea without milk or sugar, and two ounces of bread with plenty of butter, at 7.30 in winter, or at 6 or 6.30 in summer. For dinner, between 2 and 3 o'clock, soup, "often with marrow," four to six and a half ounces of roast or boiled meat, vegetables in moderation, but no potatoes, and almost no saccharine turnips. After dinner a little fresh fruit, or a salad, or stewed fruit, without sugar, with two or three glasses of light wine, followed by a large cup of black tea, without milk or sugar. Supper of black tea, fat roast meat, or eggs, or some ham with fat bologna sausage, smoked or fresh fish, and a little bread well buttered, with cheese and fresh fruit, formed the concluding meal at the hour of 7 or 8.

—

WHILE the phonograph has been justly regarded as a marvel, it has so far proved a mere scientific toy; but linguists have just discovered a use for it by employing it in recording sounds and dialects of barbarous tribes so as to throw light upon the origin and growth of languages. It will be remembered that the phonograph records with precision the actual utterances of the person who talks into it. The metal coil on which the impression is made can be kept a thousand years, and will then reproduce accurately the original speaker's words and peculiarities. What interest it would certainly create if we could reproduce with absolute precision the spoken words of Demosthenes, Cicero, the apostles, and all the great men and women of the past. Yet our descendants thousands of years from now will be able to hear an exact reproduction of the speech of the noted men and men and women of this generation.

—

AMONG the various trades unions in England there are several composed of women. Any competent workwoman can be admitted to any of them on the recommendation of two members. An entrance fee of 25 cents, a weeks subscription of five cents toward the benefit fund, and six cents per quarter to the management fund, entitle a member to receive benefits. When out of work or disabled by sickness she receives $1.50 a week. On a death occurring a levy of twelve cents a member is made, and paid to the nominee of the deceased, or other person legally entitled. In 1874 the female bookbinders formed the first union. At present the upholstresses, the shirt and collar-makers, sewing-machinists, dressmakers and milliners all have their societies. Far from being troublesome, unionism is favorable to all; to the woman, because it assures assistance in case of ill-health and when out of employment; to the employers, because they can always rely on the efficiency of a workwoman belonging to a union.

—

ANY person, however ill-informed, might easily get at the exact height of a tree, house or other object, when the sun shines, or during bright moonlight, by marking two lines on the ground, three feet apart, and then placing in the ground on the line nearest to the sun a stick that shall stand exactly three feet out of the soil. When the end of the shadow of the stick exactly touches the furthest line, then also the shadow of the tree will be exactly in length the same measurement as its height. Of course, in such a case, the sun will be at an exact angle of 45 degrees. Measurements of this character could be best effected in the summer, when the sun is powerful, has reached to a good height in the heavens, and when the trees are clothed with living green, so as to cast a dense shadow. To many to whom this idea may not have occurred, it might be made annually a matter of interest thus on warm summer days to take the height of prominent trees, and so to compare growth from year to year.

WHO TOLD?

Who told Kitty Clyde that the Summer was coming,
With song-birds and blossoms and dew?
I met her just now, and a tune she was humming,
Far sweeter than any I know.
Who told Kitty Clyde that the Summer was coming?
Did you, little Sparrow, did you?

Not I, Jennie Wren; for I start out so early,
Before there's a leaf on the tree,
That every one seems to look solemn and surly,
And won't pay attention to me:
For Summer is late, though the sparrow is early,
So I didn't tell her, you see!

Who told her, I wonder? The roses could never
Have whispered the secret so soon;
For, though they are very delightful and clever,
Their hearts are not open till June:
And not any bird that I know of could ever
Have taught her so pretty a tune.

A robin flew down in the midst of the clatter;
The noise had prevented his rest:
And he listened awhile to the chippering chatter,
As he stroked the bright plumes on his breast.
"Who told Kitty Clyde? Oh! what matter? What matter?
Why, nobody told her! She guessed!"

"She guessed it! she guessed it! Ha, ha! who can doubt it?"
Then up to his bowers he flew,
And laughed at the fuss they were making about it,
'Twas true! and they know it was true!
But we don't know who told Kitty darling, unless it
Was you, Robin Redbreast! 'Twas you?

Her Stratagem.

BY RANDALL W. BAYLE.

CAPTAIN LUCIEN GAUTHIER having been ordered to report himself to the general commanding the French forces in Strasburg, had found very comfortable quarters there.

He had been billeted in the house of a stately dame, a widow who bore the sounding name of Von Stralendorff, but she was evidently of French extraction, although her name was so decidedly German.

Her sympathies were also French, as the cordial hospitality she extended to the young officer amply proved.

She lived in a quaint old mansion, whose spacious garden overlooked the river Rhine.

Her domestics were few, consisting of an ancient couple, named Pratzner, and their sluggish, but good-natured daughter, a buxom, robust young woman of twenty years of age, called Katrina.

Captain Lucien Gauthier was treated with as much consideration as if he had been a relative.

His personal merits, however, may have had something to do with this treatment.

He possessed, in an eminent degree, the art of pleasing—possessed it naturally and unobtrusively.

He had a good figure, tall and commanding, and a frank and open expression of countenance.

He became a uniform admirably.

He looked like a real soldier, not one dressed up for a holiday parade.

The dark, heavy moustache that graced his upper lip added to his martial appearance.

His flow of animal spirits were great, and his small talk inexhaustible.

The widow Stralendorff found him a most entertaining guest, and the interest she took in providing for his comfort rather surprised our young captain, though he never troubled himself much in the way of reflection.

He took the world carelessly as it came to him, and made the most of it under all circumstances.

The thought did not occur to him, however, that she might have a design on him in the way of matrimony, and wished him to fill the place of the departed Von Stralendorff; but when he considered that she was sixty and he was twenty-five, he discarded the idea as preposterous.

He had been but a week beneath this hospitable roof when the Dame Von Stralendorff informed him that a niece of hers was about to pay her a visit—the young lady being the daughter of her youngest and only surviving brother.

"I am glad she is coming," said the widow, "for I think you will enjoy some feminine society younger than mine."

The captain thought there was a sly significance in these words, but then he might have been mistaken.

Anne has been well educated, and is tolerably pretty, and so I think you will like her," continued the old lady.

If Dame Von Stralendorff had intened to excite the captain's curiosity in regard to the forthcoming visitor, she fully succeeded in doing so.

He looked forward anxiously for the day of her arrival.

He had not long to wait.

Anne came the second day after the announcement that she was coming.

Captain Gauthier was duly introduced to her, and he did like her.

She was pretty as her aunt had said—very pretty.

Her figure, though small, was lightly proportioned, and her features were of the Flemish type.

She had the kind of face that Rubens loved to paint.

A peachy complexion, small mouth and pouting lips, a nose that turned upward slightly at the point, laughing blue eyes, and luxuriant hair of a deep lemon hue, or something of that glossy, shiny tint that the silk displays when it hangs from the cocoon.

Anne was in her twentieth year, and was a self-possessed young lady.

She and Captain Gauthier soon became the best of friends.

They rode together, they sailed together upon the Rhine, they sang duets together, to the great delight of the relict of Von Stralendorff, and they took walks together in the garden by moonlight.

All this was very romantic, and you will naturally suppose that it led to the inevitable result.

It did.

Captain Gauthier soon found that the pretty and agreeable Anne had awakened a new sensation in his heart, and he began to fear he was falling in love with her.

I say fear, because Gauthier, despite his carelessness and light-heartedness, was a man of honor.

He knew that he had no business to fall in love with Anne, or induce her to fall in love with him.

So he took her into his confidence as a preventive against both these evils.

He was the affianced husband of the daughter of a rich citizen in Paris, named Ayrault, and their nuptials were merely awaiting the termination of the campaign.

Napoleon the Third expected to make a short war with Germany.

And so he did.

But it did not end in the manner arranged on his program.

This marriage was one of convenience, as it is called, and had been arranged by the heads of the families Gauthier and Ayrault.

The young people had no voice whatever in the matter.

Their acquiescence was a matter of course.

They were both eligible parties, and the settlements on either side were to be ample.

If they could not love each other when they came together as man and wife that would be their fault.

But life is not devoid of consolation.

Failing to love each other, they could, in true French fashion, love somebody else.

Lucien Gauthier grew to manhood with this prospective marriage hanging over him.

The contract had been signed when both were in their nonage.

Lucien had never seen Julie Ayrault since the signing of the contract, and he had conceived an intense dislike against his promised wife, and had inwardly resolved that he never would marry her.

This feeling had induced him to adopt the career of a soldier.

He thought it would require less courage to face the enemy than a wife he could not love—nay, whose very name he had learned to loathe.

He never uttered it even without making a grimace.

But this resolve placed our gallant captain in rather an awkward situation, for his contract bound him to Julie Ayrault, and if he would not marry her, he could not honorably offer his hand to any other woman.

The thought of this, however, never troubled him until he encountered the sprightly little woman who rejoiced in the name of Anne, and then it occurred to him that it would be a pleasant thing if he was a free man.

But he knew he was not, and so he manfully resolved to tell Anne the truth and prevent her falling in love with him, as she seemed very well inclined to do, and to check his own growing passion—nip it in the bud, as it were, before it could attain a proportion troublesome to his peace of mind.

To his surprise, and disappointment mingled somewhat with it, Anne appeared to consider that it was his duty to marry Julie Ayrault.

"What! whether I love her or not?" he demanded.

"Oh, you will learn to love her," she answered.

"Never!" he cried emphatically; and he was about to add that it was impossible now that he had met her, but prudence restrained him.

"Oh, yes, you will!" insisted Anne. "She is very amiable, not bad-looking, and she will make you a good wife."

This assertion amazed the captain.

"Do you know her, then?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes; I have met her frequently in Paris. She was educated at the same pensionnat."

"Did she ever speak of me?"

"Often. Her heart is set upon this marriage. She loves you, if you do not love her, I know."

Captain Gauthier smiled dismally.

"How can I love her?" he responded. "Especially after——"

He paused confusedly.

"What?" she asked pensively.

"Nothing—no matter! Oh, why don't the governer order a sortie, or something, so I could get a chance to be killed off!"

"Oh, don't!" cried Anne in alarm.

The order for a sortie came, as if expressly to accomodate the captain.

He finished his breakfast hastily, and then began to equip himself for the field.

Madame Von Stralendorff had returned to her own room, but Anne remained to assist him in equipping himself.

She stooped under his right arm, buckling on his belt, while he held the sword in his left hand; and as she clasped the buckle, he noticed that her fingers trembled, and her face wore an anxious look.

That face was fully exposed to his view, as her glossy, light hair was drawn back from her forehead, and fastened by a high quaint comb, evidently of Spanish manufacture.

Never had Anne's face looked so charming to him as it did that moment.

His right arm descended, with an involuntary action, encircled Anne's waist, and drew her to his breast.

Her head rested confidingly against his chest, and her upturned eyes were raised to his, betraying too plainly the secret of her heart.

She loved him.

There was no mistaking the story told by those violet orbs.

"Oh, if you should be killed!" she murmured, plaintively.

He bent his head and kissed the red, pouting lips consolingly.

She accepted the kiss as a matter of course.

"Don't worry," he said; "I shall return in safety to you, that is, if you'll promise to marry me when I come back."

"Oh, how can I?"

"Easy enough."

"But Julie Ayrault?"

"I shall never marry her."

"Oh, you must."

"Then I'll put myself in the way of the first cannon-ball I see coming."

"No, no; you mustn't do that."

"Promise to marry me, then."

"Well, then—I—I——"

"Will?"

"Y-e-s!"

He kissed her again.

"That's a dear girl," he cried. "Just mention the subject to your aunt while I'm gone, will you? I shall write to my father in Paris the moment I return, and tell him to have the contract with Julie Ayrault annulled. And now, a short farewell until we meet again."

Once more he kissed her and then hurried from the room.

She ran to the window and watched him as he mounted his horse in the court-yard, and rode out through the massive gate, which old Pratzner held open for him, and then let it clang heavily to when he was gone.

"Oh, if he should never come back!" she exclaimed.

Madame Von Stralendorff entered the apartment and approached her.

"He is gone," she said.

"Yes. Alas, if I should never see him more!"

"Don't borrow trouble. War is a perilous game, and he must take his risk with the rest. He is brave and active, and, let us hope, Providence will spare him to you. You love him."

"Oh, dearly!"

"I don't wonder at that. He's a noble young man. I could almost love him myself—that is, if I was a little younger. But does he love you?"

"I believe he does, with all his soul."

"Very good. So, then, your stratagem has succeeded, and you can thank me for suggesting it."

"I do, aunt, and I am under infinite obligations to you."

"Tush! you're welcome. I should never have thought of it if I had not taken a fancy to the young fellow myself."

The rest of that day passed anxiously to Anne.

From the upper windows of the mansion she watched the bridge that crossed the river, and the fields upon the opposite shore.

She saw the troops from the city file gally over the bridge, their bayonets glistening in the sunlight, a glittering array.

She heard the reports of the cannon, but the scene of strife was beyond her vision.

Hours passed away, and then the little army that had marched so proudly and confidently away, came back straggling and in disorder.

Even her inexperienced eye could read these tokens of defeat.

Her heart began to beat painfully.

Where was Lucien Gauthier?

Dead, wounded, a prisoner?—or alive and returning in safety?

The sound of the gate-bell soon answered that question for her.

She hurried down to meet him.

He was harassed and worn, and covered with dust, but unwounded.

He had passed through the strife unscathed.

It was a tender meeting between them.

In the joy that each experienced, they knew how much they loved each other.

He went to his chamber and changed his uniform, and then sat down to the repast prepared for him.

The meal was partaken of with very few words, for the captain had brought a good appetite from the field with him.

When he had finished, the table was cleared of all but the wine and fruit.

Then Lucien found his tongue.

Then he looked at Anne, who sat opposite him, and then at Madame Von Stralendorff, who occupied the head of the table, and again at Anne.

"Have you told your aunt?" he enquired.

"Yes," answered Anne, demurely.

"Have you any objection?"

"Not the slightest," replied Madame Von Stralendorff, urbanely.

"You know my family?"

"All about it."

"But you do not know all about me," interposed Anne, with a roguish smile; "and when I have said a few words to you, you will agree to marry Julie Ayrault."

"Never!"

"Then you cannot marry me."

"Why not?"

"Because—oh, you short-sighted mortal!—I am Julie Ayrault!"

Captain Lucien was very much astonished, but he hardly needed the explanation that followed, for the little device flashed through his brain with instantaneous conviction.

"Though you had agreed to marry me, you determined not to love or even see me," continued Julie; "and so I resolved to see you, and if you were worth it, make you love me.

"Fortune favored my scheme in sending you here to my aunt—for she is my aunt, although she married a German.

"She wrote me word that you were quartered in her house, and so I came as Anne; my name is Julie Anne, although you may not know it."

"I know that I love you," interrupted Lucien, "and that you are to be my wife—for I shall abide by the contract now—and that is all that is necessary."

"Then you will forgive the little deception I practised upon you?" asked Julie.

It was an idle question.

Of course he did.

His Lesson.

BY F. R. NELSON.

LUKE TRAMWAY was thirty-five years old.

He had been married twelve years, and four bright, loving children were his to love and to care for.

His wife, Maud, was true and devoted.

He had loved her with all his heart, and she had returned that love in full.

How happy Luke Tramway was during the first months of his marriage: and how happy was Maud.

Not a cloud to cast a shadow on that bright sphere of love and good will, and not a jar to disturb the harmony of the sweet music.

They were capable of joy, and their cup was filled to the brim.

Could the clouds ever come?

They told themselves, never.

Such love as theirs could not die out, and as for truth and faith, they were both sure and steadfast.

And so, in sunshine and gladness, their first child was born, and new joy was theirs.

Twelve years had passed since the happy morning of wedded life—years of uninterrupted prosperity—and the house of Luke Tramway contained all of outward things that can make life joyous.

And yet the brightness was gone.

A heart had been in a measure divorced from the home.

The husband had been giving more and more of himself to his business, until the whole sum of his aspirations and desires had been transferred to the work of gaining worldly wealth.

Gradually, but surely, the crust had been gathering about his heart, shutting it out from the joys that had once given him peace and comfort.

At the age of five-and-thirty he had grown pale and careworn, with an incipient stoop in his shoulders, and a touch of frost upon his head.

He came now to his home with no brightness, but he brought care and study—care and study of the increasing of his store of worldly goods.

"Luke," said his wife to him, one day, "will you not go with us to grandfather's?"

She and the children had planned to go to her grandfather's country house, for recreation and fresh air.

"No, Maud; I cannot leave my business. You and the children can go as well without me."

"But, Luke"—putting her arm around his neck, "we should enjoy it more if you could enjoy it with us. And—you need the rest and the respite."

"No, no, Maud—I must make hay while the sun shines."

"And what will you do with the substance you are gathering?" the wife asked, with her arm still around him.

"What? Why, we will enjoy it in the time to come."

"Why not enjoy it now?"

"That is just like a woman." And Luke looked up and smiled—not the bright smile, as of yore, but an almost cynical smile. And he added—"You are like the humming bird, skimming from flower to flower, with no thought of the morrow."

"You are unjust, Luke. I do have thought of the morrow; and the wealth I would lay up is health and happiness. You are not gaining health; you are not happy."

Luke broke from his wife's embrace, with an exclamation of impatience, and shortly afterwards, with a heavy heart, she left him poring over a mass of business papers.

She stood for a moment at the door and looked back upon him.

She saw his white fingers pressed upon his brow; she saw the blue veins standing out upon the hollow temples.

She saw the lines of care upon the pale face; and she saw the fugitive pencillings of silver in his hair.

And when she finally departed, her heart was swelling with prayer to God for a gleam of the old-time joy.

Maud and the children went into the country, leaving Luke to his business; but they did not stop long.

When they returned, Maud's grandfather came with them.

"How is this, Maud?" asked Luke. "Why are you back so soon?"

"I could not enjoy myself, Luke, while I thought of you here alone."

"Pshaw! I was doing well enough. And yet home is more cheerful with your face in it, I must admit."

John Farwell, Maud's grandfather, was a man who had seen a long, long life.

Fourscore and five years was the span.

His frame was bent, his hair was white like snow; but a truly wondrous constitution had brought him to this great age without breaking.

One evening, after the others had retired, Luke and Mr. Farwell sat alone in the library.

"Come, my boy," said the old man, pleasantly, "put away your papers; I want to talk with you."

"You are just in time, grandfather. I have examined the last one."

And Luke pushed away the papers which he had bundled up, and leaned back wearily.

"I want to tell you a story, Luke."

"Good. I should like to hear a story."

"But this is a story of my own experience."

"So much the better."

"Luke, the father of your wife was my son. I have lived far beyond the allotted span of human life, and have seen and learned much.

"One lesson have I learned above all others, and that lesson I wish to give you now.

"In my youth, Luke, I planned that I would find peace and comfort if it was to be found; and to that end I set myself at work.

"When I was first married I thought if I ever could own a good home and be free from debt, with health and strength, I should find the joy I sought.

"The time came.

"The home was mine; the health was mine, and I was free from debt.

"But the joy had not come.

"In my home were many cares, and in my business were more cares.

"My children were growing up, and I felt they must be provided for.

"Let them be grown up to help me; and let me see them settled, and the joy would be more.

"The years passed on.

"The joy I sought was in the future, and I longed for it.

"Goal after goal did I set up in the distance, and I reached one only to find another still in advance.

"With feverish labor I pushed on, assuring myself that I was erecting a fabric which should support my great joy at last, that in the end I should find comfort, and be satisfied.

"My children grew up, and with their growing came new and unlooked-for cares.

"And at length the dark messenger of death came, and one of my fairest and most promising flowers was cut down.

"In time, another fell, and darkness came with this double stroke.

"Then I plunged more resolutely into my business, determined to make it bright for what remained.

"From year to year I looked forward to the joy that was to come when I should have earned it.

"I took no rest; I realized no solid comforts; I acknowledged no present abiding joys; but I was struggling for a grand consummation in the future.

"I did not mark the flight of time, and when I looked back, it was only to dwell upon the dark spots.

"I thought of the losses, but gave no thought to the gains.

"At length I was an old man and worldly wealth in abundance was mine.

"Surely now if ever, I should cease from my labors and be at rest.

"I thought thus almost willing to believe that the goal was reached, when the fabric of all my hopes was crushed in a day.

"In this last hour the partner of all my labors and my trials—the wife whom I had loved, and upon whom I had came to lean for comfort and consolation—was stricken from me.

"And so fell the castle of my life's joy in the hour of its completion. The temple was demolished before its consecration.

"Luke, you behold me now an old man, standing surely upon the verge of the grave; and I can tell you that the joys for which I labored were never mine to enjoy. And yet, as I now look back, I can see all along the pathway of my life, neglected possibilities of joy which I failed to grasp. The happiest hour of my life I did not know.

"Oh, when I think of it now, what would I give to be set back into the warm, bright sunshine of those early days—to have again the opportunity of grasping at joys which were about me on every hand?

"But it may not be.

"The past cannot be recalled.

"In my vain race for a great good to come, I allowed the thousand and one little joys of everyday life to bloom and fade untasted and unseen.

"Through a long and weary life I have labored to amass wealth and, when the wealth is mine, I find, alas! that the capacity to enjoy it has failed me.

"While my powers and capacity of enjoyment were strong and active, I satisfied them not.

"My opportunities for comfort I wasted, and my time for rest I threw away in pursuit of a bubble which was to burst as I touched it.

"Oh, my boy, could I live my life over again, with my present knowledge to guide me, I would surely make the most of the indwelling joys.

"And not only for self would I pluck the flowers of joy as they sprang up along my pathway, but for those dear ones whose joy must be ever my joy, and whose sorrow I must ever share.

"Luke, I cannot go back, I must be content to live as I have builded; but my life may afford a profitable lesson for you.

"Think of it, my boy, and look to it that the fruit of your labor be not suffered to mould and decay on your hands untasted."

The old man closed, and shortly afterwards retired, leaving Luke buried in thought.

* * * * * * *

"What is that Luke?"

"A whip, my dear."

"A whip?"

"Yes I have bought 't to go with a pair of horses and an easy carriage."

"Luke!"

"Hush, darling. If you and the children will go with me, I am going back with grandfather.

"The good old man has led me to believe that I may find a grain of comfort there. At all events I am willing to try."

"But your business Luke?"

"I am going to try an experiment, Maud. I have carried it a long time, and am inclined to try if it cannot carry me awhile."

With a light heart Maud prepared herself and children for the journey.

Arrived at her grandfather's, she found awaiting her a carriage and a pair of horses, which her husband told her he had purchased for their enjoyment.

And for a month the joy was complete—a joy almost like that of the happiest hour they had ever known.

Once or twice Luke slipped away to the city to see that all was right with his business, and then back again to pastime.

The lesson was not forgotten.

The seed which the aged sire had sown had fallen upon good ground.

When the winter came Luke Tramway found relaxation and recreation in public charities and social duties; and by and by his life came to wear a brighter phase than he had ever known.

He found that life's heartiest, truest joys are indwelling—joys resulting from duties truly done—joys accepted from the Great Giver with trustful gratitude.

Verily he found sunshine wherever he went, and his home was a haven of peace and of rest.

Caught in a Trap.

BY RANDALL W. BAYLE.

A SILENCE that betokened a very unusual state of affairs, especially when one took into consideration the fact that there were two women-folks in the quiet room, both of whom were never at a loss for either thoughts to be expressed or language to express them.

Miss Prudence herself, trim, slender, straight as a young poplar, dressed in a freshly-ironed, stiffly-starched gingham dress, over which was her big white apron, sat at one end of the long table, paring apples as fast as her deft fingers could fly, her bright piercing grey eyes occasionally glancing at the extreme end of the table where Lea, with flushed cheeks, curled lips, and defiant eyes that were as blue as a June sky, was rolling crust and lining huge pie-dishes.

She was as pretty as a picture, in her pink calico wrapper, buttoned with tiny white pearl buttons, from her round white throat to her feet, whose short, arched beauty was not disguised on account of the length of her skirts.

A narrow black leather belt girded her trim, round waist, a turn-over linen collar and a jauntily-tied black ribbon finished her attire—excepting the large apron that protected her from the snowy meal.

A very graceful girl; you saw that in the ease and speed with which she wielded the rolling pin or turned lightly from oven to table.

Her round, white arms, were all floury, with her jet-black hair was brushed back and coiled loosely in thick dark-purple waves—all these points were not lost on Aunt Prudence, as she looked sideways at the girl.

Yes Miss Prudence admitted that her niece was an uncommonly attractive girl, and as industrious and tasteful as intelligent and pretty.

Miss Prudence had brought her up just about right, knowing that Lea would have nothing to depend upon but her own personal worth; and now after twenty years of careful pains-taking, Lea had mutinied—all for one of the horrid men, who, as a sex, Miss Prudence kept at a distance.

As a sex; but there were exceptions, of course, since it is such that lend authority to the rule, and the exception was Carter Johnson, the well-to-do farmer, whose lands joined Miss Hart's little estate, whom she had known for years before his first wife died, and whom she esteemed more highly than all the rest of the masculine world united.

There had been quite a little secret romance about this same homely, good-natured, awkward farmer neighbor, that no one in the world dreamed of—not even Mr. Johnston himself; a secret that Miss Prudence would have suffered tortures rather than have betrayed, yet over which she had cried many a time in the privacy of her lonely bedroom, even while she scorned herself that she was so amenable to the weakness nearly all women succumbed to at one time or other.

It was simply this—

Miss Prudence cared very much indeed for Mr. Johnson, so much that she knew her future would be the most dreary blank without him to share it; so much that when the honest, gawky man had come to her and managed to confess his passion for Lea, her niece, all unconscious of the feeling he had long before inspired in her own breast, she had, walked the floor of her room all night, battling with her wounded love as severely as ever a girl of twenty did.

Then, when Lea asked her next morning what had kept her so restless, and what made her look so haggard, promptly confessed the fact of a terrible toothache.

It became a self-evident fact that, instead of being Farmer Johnson's wife, Miss Prudence was in a fair way to become his aunt by marriage, so far as the gentleman's intentions were concerned; for he was ardent in his devotion to Lea, and Miss Prudence resolved, heroically burying her own wishes and feelings, that Lea should marry him, since he evidently would never marry Miss Prudence.

But Harry Forrester was the dreadful obstacle; handsome, gallant Harry, who had very lately returned from his German university, where he had studied so long, that pretty Lea Hart was a total stranger to him, so far as memory was concerned.

That fact, however, did not prevent the two falling in love with each other—"a way young people have you know," Harry had boldly declared to Aunt Prudence only the very night before.

Of course there had been a regular row.

Harry was promptly forbidden the house, if he came as a suitor; while Lea was given to understand, in the plainest English, the prospects her aunt indulged for her.

This, then—these facts, rather, accounted for the silence that reigned in the old-fashioned kitchen.

Suddenly with a sharp determination in her voice that made Lea jump so she burned her arm against the oven-side as she was carefully turning a pie, Aunt Prudence spoke—the first time Lea had heard her voice that morning.

"There's no earthly use in our sitting here like mummies, that I know of.

"If you are mad—it is not my fault—and you know you are, because I will not have that sly, conceited jackanapes prowling around here any longer."

Leah's face flushed redly—even redder than when she had bent over the oven.

"Which evidently is your fault. And as to hearing Harry called names, I'll not listen, particularly when he is compared with that great straddling, barn-smelling clodhopper.

"To think you suppose for (a moment I'd marry him!"

Miss Prudence was as pale as Lea was flushed—the girl never knew how her thoughtless criticism struck home.

"You must not talk so of Mr. Johnson. He thinks the world and all of you, and you ought to regard yourself as a very fortunate woman to be chosen by them."

Perhaps there was rather more force than Miss Prudence intended in her words, for they made Lea stare, aghast.

Then Miss Prudence went on, hurriedly, half angrily—

"Anyhow, he's none of your gallivanting popinjays who wear false teeth and dye their hair and beards black, when the Lord made them some other color."

She looked triumphantly at Lea's wondering face.

"Well, who does?" she rejoined, tartly. "Perhaps you would like me to think Harry does."

"There is no 'perhaps' about it, because I happen to know such is the case."

"Aunt Prudence! how dare you? The idea of Harry's splendid glossy black hair and moustache being dyed, or his teeth false! I know better and so do you."

"If you don't I'll convince you, thereby proving that you have been wasting your thoughts on a vain, conceited puppy, who cares only for his personal appearance."

Leah's eyes were flashing now like fire.

"To prove to you how utterly I repudiate even the suspicions you throw on him, I will declare to you what you must know, that I would not countenance a lover who practiced such unmanly habits—any more than you would."

She was so sure in her proud tenderness; and her unshaken faith shone all over her passionate face.

Aunt Prudence smiled—a slow wintry smile, as she produced from her capacious pocket a folded paper—two of them, and handed them silently to Lea.

She took them almost haughtily, and read them rapidly.

They were dated London, only a short time back—just about the date of Harry's return.

"Mr. Harry Forrester,

"Dr. to Smith & Jones.

	s.	d.
"To half doz. bottles Jet Hair Dye, at 20s. doz.	10	0
"1 Vanilla Beard Colorer.	2	6
	12	6

"Paid Smith & Jones.
"Per B. R."

And the other same date—

"Mr. Harry Forrester,

"Dr. to Enamel & Co.

"To one full set upper Teeth on galvanized plate £3 0 0

"Paid. Enamel & Co."

It was a clincher, and Miss Prudence pitied the girl as she saw her lips quiver—first in an attempt to smile scornfully, that was piteously futile; then in a decided tremble of pain—followed by a rush of tears, as she dashed the bills on the table.

"I don't care if it is true—you have no business with Harry's papers."

She watched her aunt fold them carefully away, the same wintry smile on her face.

"When you see Mr. Forrester again, tell him you are Carter Johnson's engaged wife; you can also tell him to be careful how he drops such papers on my parlor floor when he pulls out his handkerchief with such a grand flourish."

"I'll tell him," Lea said, defiantly, "but I'll never forgive you, Aunt Prudence Hart; and—and—I won't believe it, either, on such proof."

She went on with her preparations for dinner; then a rest, a bath, and a fresh, simple toilet.

* * * * * *

"Then there is not the slimmest chance for me, Lea?

"You're dead sure you couldn't even take a liking to me, under any circumstances."

Mr. Johnson was certainly very gawky and awkward, as he folded and unfolded his big red hands, and he looked terribly uncomfortable.

"There is no chance Mr. Johnson, and I am sure you will be very glad one day that I refuse you to-night.

"You need a wife older and more experienced than I am—Aunt Prudence, for instance

"Marry her Mr. Johnson, and I promise to be the nicest niece you ever had."

He followed her gaze out into the front garden, where, in the dusk, Miss Prudence was busying herself among her flowers; then he shook his head slowly.

"I haven't given it a thought. I couldn't think of anybody 'longside of you, I know."

Lea felt a pang of pain at his earnestness.

"Begin to think of it, then, and yo'll see as I do.

"And please never speak to me again on this subject, Mr. Johnson.

"Come in, auntie; we're not talking secrets."

For Miss Hart had made a feint of retreating when she saw them together.

She entered, however, followed, a moment later, by Harry Forrester.

Lea smiled and flushed for a welcome; Mr. Johnson bowed pleasantly, and Aunt Prudence arose stiffly.

"If you come as a friend, all well, sir. As a friend, permit me to restore to you your lost property, whose lost must have embarrassed you, whose discovery has opened my niece's eyes to the true value of such a nice young man as you profess to be."

She handed him the bills of druggist and dentist.

He opened them Lea watching him in an agony of alarm, lest, after all his mortification should prove him guilty.

He looked so grand—so handsome with his jetty black, loose, curling hair; then, as he read, his lips parted over his glistening white teeth—lips that had kissed Lea often.

A thrilling tenderness sprang up in her soul.

He was not the vain fellow those horrid papers made him out.

She had rendered her verdict to her own heart just as Harry refolded the papers, laughingly.

"I am really very sorry to have lost those papers, Miss Hart, and I am free to confess I would rather have had the facts they insinuate kept secrets.

However, I will throw myself on Mr. Johnson's tender mercies—for when I purchased the articles, as a favor to him on account of his disability to visit London just then."

He handed the receipts to Mr. Johnson, with a quiet twinkle of his eyes.

Lea gave a little cry of surprise.

Aunt Prudence actually turned grey with horror and shame, while the innocent offender laid the bill in his plethoric pocket-book.

"I always keep a receipt, you know, Harry, and I am obliged to you for your favors.

"You see, I'd been down only a while before to have my old stumps out and the new impression taken, and couldn't very well get off again, and the hay not in. You never'd ha' known it, would you?"

He asked it so triumphantly, so utterly ignorant of having done aught to offend, that Lea laughed outright, a happy, joyous laugh.

"We never suspected it, did we, auntie? Why, only the other day, auntie was saying what a fine head of hair you had—didn't you auntie?

"Harry, there are some grapes on the vine I want; you can reach them. Will you?"

* * * * *

Somehow the grapes were far up—hard to get at, and long to secure; somehow Mr. Johnson and Aunt Prudence got to talking, and—

Harry Forrester often drives out to the Johnson farm-house with Lea and the baby, and Mrs. Johnson is always glad to see them; and Uncle Carter declares he "don't know what would ha' become of him, Prudence ha' took pity on him."

The Old Clerk.

BY F. B. NELSON.

THEY used to make fun of him at the office.

He was a queer old fellow, with a solemn face, and what we thought ridiculously polite ways.

He'd take off his hat when he came in, and say—

"Good morning, gentlemen.

"I trust I see you all in good health this fine day."

And some of the clerks would grin, and some would nod, and some wouldn't do anything; but I never could help standing up and bowing, perhaps because I knew that my mother would have said I ought to do it.

To be sure, he was only on salary like ourselves, but had been at Rock and Burton's twenty-five years, and young fellows had come and gone, and there he was.

And, you see, it was gentlemanly of him, I said; and if he was a little snuff-colored creature, with a queer little wig, why he looked somehow like a gentleman, too.

I said so once to Merrivale, who sat at the next desk to mine, but—well, didn't try it again.

You see, Merrivale was up to everything; dressed elegantly, sneered at everything almost, and I'd come from a country town and he was a city man.

Nobody down on Dumps as he was especially after he made us that speech about our conduct to the ladies.

Dumps made the speech, and it was Merrivale who had said the lady only came in to look at him.

I'm sure she really wanted to know the way to the street she asked for—and how she colored and hurried out.

And Dumps, with his brown wig and [illegible] that day, and Merrivale, with his fine curling hair and black moustache and broad shoulders, like a puppy.

"The man who calls a blush to the cheek of a good woman by look or tone must have forgotten his mother," said old Dumps.

"When that lady asked you a civil question, she relied on her belief that you were a gentleman, Mr. Merrivale.

"When you answered her as you did, and spoke of her as you did [illegible] Mr. Merrivale, and you did not even rise from your seat, sir.

"You proved that she was very much mistaken."

"Mean to say I am no gentleman?" said Merrivale.

"In this instance, sir," said Dumps, "you certainly have not conducted yourself as one should."

Merrivale pulled his coat half off, and pulled it on again.

"Pshaw!" said he, "he knows he's safe. There would be no fun in knocking down an old bag of bones like that; I could do it with my little finger.

"But you attend to your own business, will you Dumps?

"I can believe myself without your advice, and that of the first woman that's come in my way, for a sort of flirtation.

"I am not [illegible] I am."

"Mr. Dumps is right this time," said I.

"Bah!" said Merrivale.

"You're from the country."

"Thank God for it, then, my young friend," said Dumps, and sat down.

After that Merrivale was never even half-way civil to Dumps, and the boys followed Merrivale's lead.

But I [illegible]

When we met in the street, I'd take off my hat and shake hands, and say some of those polite things that mother used to teach me to say.

And I wrote of [illegible] to mother, and she said she was glad that her boy knew what was due to a good old gentleman.

But, after all, in the office, you know, what the clerks thought and said had its full sway.

Who were the clerks?

Why, there was Merrivale, with his darling airs, and his way of letting you know he was a favorite with the woman.

And Carberry, who didn't care about any, but knew the city.

And Grab, who was hard, shrewd and smart, and had stocks of his own already.

And Stover who used to come with red eyes and head-ache and boast that he'd been making a night of it.

I was lonely enough in the great city, and I should have [illegible] with Dumps and walk home with him from church sometimes, but I was afraid of meeting one of the clerks, and I never did.

But I would bow to him, and we took our hats off to each other always.

Sometime, when I lived at Haredale with mother, I've seen the sky beautiful and bright and blue one hour, and the next black with the clouds of a thunder storm.

Just that way my trouble came to me—an awful trouble—such as I could not have dreamt of.

I had written to my mother that I was doing well and liked my business, and would be down to see her on Sunday, when I was sent for to go into the next office; and I [illegible] can't go through with it—I can't even remember details, but I was charged with [illegible]

You'd have to take [illegible] and our partner's business, as well as book-keeping, to know how I was supposed to have done it; but they had sent I had robbed them of four hundred pounds.

They urged me to confess.

I was innocent, and I said so.

Then they told me that they did not wish to be hard on me.

I was young.

The city was a bad place for boys.

They would be merciful, and only dismiss me—only dismiss me without recommendation.

All I could say had no effect.

They had proved me guilty before they accused me, they said; and at last I staggered out into the office.

The clerks were getting ready to go home.

I saw they knew what had happened.

"None of you believe this of me?" said I.

"None of you who know me?"

And Merrivale said—

"Look here, Forrester, you're very lucky to get off so."

And Carberry said—

"Now come we know too much to be fooled.

It's always your [illegible] of a good young man that does these sort of things."

And Grab said—

"I say, Forrester, don't talk too much: you'll give yourself away."

And Stover said—

"Oh, go take a glass of brandy and water, and don't go on like a girl about it."

And what with shame, rage, and grief, I could have died; when out of his dusky corner came little Dumps, in his little snuff-colored overcoat, and held out his hand.

"Mr. Forrester," he said, "I've watched you ever since you've been here.

"I know what you are.

"You are incapable of a dishonest act, and what is more, I will prove it before I rest.

"The man who respects others respects himself.

"The man who reverences God and honors his mother will do no dishonorable thing."

He took my hand in his arm, and bowing to the others, walked out into the street with me.

I heard Grab, Stover, and Carberry laugh, but Merrivale gave us a furious look, and stood white to the lips, looking after us.

"Mr. Dumps," said I, "I thank you for your confidence in me.

"I deserve it—a this, at least. But it saves my heart from breaking under this disgrace.

"How shall I tell my mother?"

"Don't tell her yet," said he. "Wait. Others shall think of you as I do soon."

Then we went on in silence.

He took me to his own room, where he kept bachelor's hall.

He made tea for me, and served me with sliced potted beef, and tinn bread and butter.

The room was a strange old-fashioned place, enough, like a room in a story, and there was a miniature of a young lady in the costume of forty years before, on the wall over the mantel.

And on book-shelves, old, calf-bound volumes, and on a stand near the fire, the prayer-book, with the book-mark hanging from it.

And it was not until we had done tea that he said to me very apologetically, after I had called him Mr. Dumps—

"Mr. Forrester, excuse me; but I am not named Dumps.

"That is the name by which the young men at the office considered it witty to call me.

"I confess I [illegible] but it [illegible]

"I saw by your manner that you had made [illegible]

"My name is Adams."

I was so much ashamed of having used the nickname, innocently as I did it, that I could have cried.

But my old friend comforted me.

I think but for his sympathy that night I should have taken my own life.

I did not believe he could help me even then.

But he did.

I said I could not tell you just what they accused me of doing unless you know the ins and outs of our business.

And I can't tell you how he did it, for the same reason.

But one day he came to me flushed with triumph, and took both my hands and shook them hard, and said—

"My dear boy, it is all right. I'd watched before, and had a clue. Your charter is [illegible]. The real culprit is Merrivale, and Stover is his accomplice."

And so it really was. They had doctored my books and meddled with my papers.

I went back to my situation, and I've got on well ever since.

But there's more of my story.

Think of my dear Dumps turning out to be my uncle—my mother's own brother—and neither of us guessing it. Long ago other people had quarrelled, and so separated these two, who were always friends.

Think of the little man in the shabby wig and coat proving to be quite rich, and going down into the country to live with his sisters for the rest of his life.

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ALWAYS in Use.—The letter "a."

Won At Last.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

IT was a mild, patient face, but the lines on it told of years of care and trouble.

She had been young and loving in the years gone by, and, as she thought, beloved.

Perhaps she had been, then, for in that brief wooing time, before Ruth Hall, with her bright beauty, her sweet-toned voice, and loving woman's heart, stood beside Amos Wheaton at the altar of the little village church, there was in his heart a fountain of tenderness which surprised himself sometimes.

And for the fond caresses, the tender words of the wooing, she would forgive him much and love him long—love him, indeed, until her patient heart should cease its beating.

At the first, she had so much faith in him and in his love, that when his true character displayed itself, when the lover became task-master, and she was forced to see that self was dearest to him, she fought resolutely against the truth.

She would not blame him.

It was his rearing, she said to herself, to believe in work as the sole business of life.

She blamed herself for over-sensitiveness; and when, a little while before the first baby came, she broke down utterly and could no longer perform her tasks, she meekly pitied her husband because he had so weak and useless a wife, and found no fault with him when he left her so much in solitude.

Oh! the hopes, the fond dreams of the little one which would nestle in her bosom, and the innocent lips that some day would murmur the words of love for which her heart so hungered.

But when the time came, and she knew no breath would part the closed lips, that the little, dark-lashed eyes could never open, knew her baby was dead, night, black, and starless, settled down upon her heart.

If Amos Wheaton had but comforted her then—had been pitying, gentle, and tender, he might have won her, body and soul, as his bond slave for ever.

But he looked coldly upon her bitter woe, and blamed her for her excessive grief; and while she could forgive him that he was too busy to be tender to her, she could not forgive him that he did not mourn his dead baby.

And so a bitter seed sprang up in her heart.

She did not cease to love him, but she ceased to excuse or to worship him.

And yet Ruth did not quite do her husband justice.

She did not know the fountain of tenderness underlying the crust of his hard nature—did not know that he looked on the little dead form with bitter anguish.

But he hid his emotion under an iron mask.

He said no word of sorrow or consolation to the poor young wife.

She became well in the course of time, and went again about her household duties, sadder and less trustful than before, but still gentle.

In the after years, though other children were born, only to return to the land of the angels, and over the little graves, side by side with the first one, the white snows of winter fell and the summer wild flowers blossomed, still the bitterest tears were shed over the babe that was dead before it was born.

At last, when Ruth had been nearly twenty years a wife, the little Mabel came, and lived, and grew into a beautiful and blithesome girlhood, and won her way strangely to Amos Wheaton's heart.

She loved her father dearly, too, and took such liberties with him as no one would have thought he would have endured for a moment, and he found he rather liked her merry teasing.

But from the large, clear eyes of the girl looked forth a temper as dominant as his own; it would be no easy thing to quell that spirit, or break down that resolute will.

One day, as he came into the garden where Mabel was tending her flowers, he said to her—

"I saw you in the lane, to-day, with Robert Glenning."

"Yes, [illegible]"

"And I heard one of the village gossips couple your names and call you lovers; has he dared to speak of love to you?"

"Yes, father, and I love him."

"Child, are you mad? I've hated old John Glenning all my life, and do you think you shall ever marry a son of his?—I would rather see you dead first! You must give him up, or you are no [illegible]

"Remember, Amos Wheaton [illegible]

[illegible] just at twilight, Mabel came [illegible] face, resolute, yet sad; [illegible] mother, she told her of [illegible] Glenning, and the harsh language her father had used that afternoon, adding—

"I have just seen Robert: he sails to-morrow for Australia, and I am going too. I could not give him up, even were I willing, for, mother, I am already his wife.

"When he knew he was going away, he wanted to make me his own, and I could not refuse.

"But he did not mean to let father know until he came back to claim me; but now I cannot stay after what he has said."

Whiter and whiter grew the mother's face; despair and terror looked out of the sad eyes; for a moment no words would come, and then there rang out a wail of bitter anguish.

"My child, my only one! How can I give you up? How can I do without you all the long days, and live the old lonely, loveless life, and never hear you laugh and speak, nor look upon your face or feel your kisses on my lips?"

* * * * * *

When the morrow came, and Amos Wheaton found that Mabel had left his roof as Robert Glenning's wife, he forbade the mention of her name, and grew sterner and colder than ever.

The old house was very still, and he missed her fond, coaxing ways, her merry laugh; and the hard, unyielding heart grew hungry, sometimes for his child, and I think sometimes he almost repented that he had been so harsh; but if so, he made no sign.

The weary days and months passed, and Mabel had been gone from her old home two years.

One night there was a fearful storm, and ever and anon, as Ruth Wheaton sat alone, she could hear the booming of the signal gun from the ill-fated ship battling for her life among the rocks along the coast.

From her windows she could see the crowds of anxious watchers made distinctly visible through the night by the fires built upon the sands.

It seemed so terrible that they could give no aid to those aboard the ship!

But it would have been madness to attempt a rescue.

All they could do was to wait the moment when sun would break upon the rock, and then perhaps the waves would wash ashore some yet alive, who might need their care.

The anxious woman went often to the door and then resumed her seat by the window.

But finally, as if urged by some invisible power, she wrapped a shawl closely around her shoulders, and, although the rain dashed mercilessly in her face, went out into the black darkness, down to the beach, and stood beside Amos Wheaton.

But the gallant ship had gone down, and soon two objects were cast ashore close to where they were standing.

And as Amos Wheaton bent over them, he staggered back, and said—

"Mother, it is our Mabel, and Robert [illegible]"

Leaving the others to care for Robert, the [illegible] and tenderly bore the girl up to the old house.

She was not dead, for the pulses stirred [illegible]

But she gave no signs of consciousness, and all night long the anxious watch [illegible] with the death angel, who would have claimed her as his own.

Only once the mother ceased her labor, and then it was to utter her cry of indignation.

"But for you, Amos Wheaton, she had been sheltered from the storm to-night. Your harshness drove her from her home. You have been a hard man to me these forty years, and I have borne it all in silence; but you have killed my child, may God forgive you, for I cannot."

Robert Glenning was only exhausted by his exertions to reach the shore with Mabel, but she had been struck by some floating timber on the head, and for three days and nights lay unconscious, with [illegible] and pale face bending over her, and then came a change for the [illegible], and the old physician said she would live.

In those days, years seemed to have done their work with Amos Wheaton.

He grew gray and old, and his tall figure seemed to bend like a tree before a sudden blast.

[illegible] morning [illegible] day, as he entered [illegible] Mabel's [illegible] opened her eyes, and a smile, wan as [illegible] but oh! so sweet, flickered across the [illegible], and then they framed rather than spoke the word—

"Father."

Amos Wheaton bent over her, shaken by such a tempest of emotion as he had never known before—a passion of love, remorse, and hope.

And as he whispered—

"[illegible] father, child," he felt [illegible] the kiss and [illegible] with human [illegible] such [illegible] had never [illegible]

When he came into the [illegible] again, Robert was with Mabel, and Ruth sat [illegible]

[illegible] looked at her weary, [illegible]; with his sight sharpened by [illegible] he could read the sad [illegible] graven on her face.

[illegible] fresh beauty [illegible] but [illegible] stirred [illegible]

[illegible] her hand, [illegible]

[illegible] that [illegible] for many years, and [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] mother, and so I may ask [illegible]

[illegible] worth of your love, but [illegible] have lost [illegible] you [illegible] Love you were [illegible] now, [illegible]"

[illegible] speak

But what [illegible]

[illegible] and [illegible] more tender than that of her [illegible]

[illegible] arms [illegible] long [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] resting on rest [illegible] won at last.

Our Young Folks.

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

THE MILL-SAILS stood idle in the cold wintry air, and the mill-house itself was silent save for the chatter going on in the otherwise empty parlor, between the two firm and very fast friends, who are the chief personages in my story.

These friends were Dollie, the miller's little daughter, and her faithful little follower and companion, a handsome well-bred collie, to which she had given the not very poetical name of Punch.

Dollie was standing with her arms round Punch's neck, and a little sigh rose to her lips as she gazed out of the window into the gathering twilight.

"I do wish they would come home," she said, simply, and by "they," she meant her father and mother, who had been away from home all day.

They had started at a very early hour, directly after breakfast, and Dollie had been alone ever since.

Not that she had minded this, as much perhaps as you would have expected, for while daylight lasted, Punch had proved an excellent companion, and many a wild race had they enjoyed together on the hard frozen paths in the roadless orchard, for it was winter, and the weather had turned very cold, though as yet there had been no snow.

But the short December day was closing in, and it was already so dusk in the miller's snug parlor that Dollie poked up the fire, and sent out a blaze which reflected itself cheerily on the quaint brass fender and the polished oak furniture.

A very sweet bright-faced little maiden was this Dollie, and the light of her father's eyes, for she had come to the mill-house when the elder sons and daughters had passed out of their childhood, and the cottage had longed ceased to echo to the pattering of baby feet.

The mill itself stood grey and picturesque on the brow of a breezy hill, covered in summer with gorse and flowing heather, and a few yards off, just sheltered a little from the north-east wind, nestled the miller's comfortable home, with its warm thatched roof and vine-covered porch.

Far away, to left and right, stretched the rolling outline of the Surrey hills, and but a little way on lay the entrance into the public road, which was first down and then up a steep and precipitous ascent.

When the wagons was heavily laden, the awkwardness of this entrance necessitated the greatest caution on the part of the driver, and the miller always declared that if he were a rich man nothing would delight him so much as to cut a new road, or at least to fill up the disused gravel pit, which yawned sheer and gaunt down a dangerous precipice at the junction of the two roads.

Dollie was too young to think much about this in a general way, but that afternoon as she had been taking her solitary little tea with Punch, dressed up in an old cap and shawl of her mother's to keep her company, and old village gossip, by name Gaffer Nokes, had looked in for a moment, and had done his best to frighten her with his account of the state of the roads.

Dollie had not given much heed to it at the time, but now in the gathering twilight the man's parting words came back to her.

"Well, missie, I do hope they'll get back all right; but it's freezing powerful hard, it be, and the roads be just like glass."

Little by little she began to get anxious. "Had father thought of his lantern?" she wondered, and must run out into the stable and see.

No; there it was, standing in its usual place, with an unused candle inside it.

He must have forgotten it, or more likely he had not meant to stay out so late, for father and mother had always been in to tea before.

As these thoughts hurried through her little head, Dollie's glance fell upon a heap of sand in the corner of the stable.

Would not that be the very thing to give the horses foothold on the slippery ice if only she could carry it to the spot?

Quickly striking a match she lighted the lantern, and by its aid hunted out of another dark corner the little go-cart which was her own especial property, her father having made it for her when she was a baby.

Some months back it had been a fancy of Dollie's to draw a neighbor's little child about in this tiny conveyance for amusement, and it at once struck her what good use she might make of it now.

Leaving it a time, she picked up a shovel and quickly set to work to fill the cart; then dragging it round to the front of the house, ran indoors to find Punch, and coax him to come out and help her, for she wanted him to carry the lantern.

With some difficulty she managed to fasten the lantern securely round his neck with the strap that served him for collar. Up to this time her excitement had been so great, that she had quite forgotten to put on her outdoor things, but now the bitter cold began to remind her of her bare head and short sleeves, and with a shiver at the frosty air, she ran indoors and fetched a warm scarlet cloak with a hood to it, which she tied closely round her.

Thus equipped, the brave child started on her way, alternately pushing and dragging the cart, while at the same time leading Punch, who walked sedately beside her as if proud of his new office of lantern-bearer.

The quiet road was dark and lonely; but it never occurred to Dolly to have any fear.

When the odd procession reached the summit of the first hill, Dollie no longer wondered at Gaffer Nokes' description of the roads; they were indeed glass, and the very "slipperiest" of glass, Dollie thought; and she soon found that she must make use of all her first load of sand before she could hope to reach in any safety the second hill which was the more dangerous of the two.

When Dollie arrived at the edge of the gravel-pit, she peeped over into the darkness, and for the first time gave a little shudder of fear; but even then it was not for herself, for the thought that passed through her mind was, "Oh, if father's horses should mistake the road, and fall over there!"

An old crooked thorn grew close to the precipice, and in between its forked branched Dollie managed to fix the lantern, which Punch had safely carried for her so far.

There it hung, casting forth its cheerful rays upon the glistening road in front of it; and by its very brightness seeming to increase a thousandfold the inky darkness which lay behind.

Meanwhile with unremitting patience, the miller's little daughter was sprinkling the whole surface of the hill with sand, and far away across the downs the miller's wagon was making its way slowly, and with ever increasing difficulty, in the direction of home, and of that much-loved little daughter.

"Hurrah!" cried Dollie to herself, as the last handful was scattered over a specially bad piece of ice.

"I don't think old Dobbon can slip now, if he tries ever so hard."

But alas! she soon found that she could; for hardly were the words out of her mouth than down she came herself, twisting her ankle in some terrible way under her as she fell.

The pain was so acute that Dollie, who had never sprained her ankle before, made sure that at least she must have broken her leg, and when she found that such was not the case she tried to struggle up on her feet; but the agony this caused her was so intense that she sank back upon the ground with a groan.

She had fallen perilously near the dangerous spot where the road broke suddenly down into the gravel-pit; and oh, how thankful she was, as she lay there trembling, for the cheerful glow of the lantern which hung just above her.

Between the pain of moving and the dread of rolling towards the precipice, she did not dare to stir, and was obliged to order off Punch quite sharply when the poor dog rushed frantically up to her side, to see what was the matter.

Poor Dollie began to feel very lonely; the cold, too, was intense; and her cloak, which had felt so warm and comfortable, while she was busy working, did not seem enough now to keep her from freezing.

At last the pain and the cold together sent her off into a kind of doze, in which she was only half conscious of what was going on around her.

How long she lay like this she never knew; but suddenly she was aroused by Punch's violent barking; and waking up instantly into vivid consciousness, she heard, a little way off, the sound of the grinding sound of heavy wheels broken by a faint tinkling of bells.

Then she never doubted who were coming, and her heart beat high with hope and joy, when all in a moment it flashed upon her what a danger she was incurring in lying helplessly in the very roadway down which the heavy wagon had to pass.

"Suppose her father should not see her, and should drive those ponderous wheels over her prostrate form!"

The thought was too terrible to bear, and raising herself upon her elbow, Dollie sent forth cry after cry of "Father, father!" upon the frosty air.

In the meanwhile, the wagon had arrived at the brow of the hill; and the miller was carefully arranging the drag, when his hand suddenly touched some of the sand upon the road.

Very much astonished, he was just going to mention it to his wife, when Dollie's agonised cry smote upon his ear.

In an instant he recognized his child's voice, and he began to tremble exceedingly with an instinctive knowledge of her danger.

"Wife, did you hear that?" he cried. "It is our Dollie's voice; where can she be?"

The miller's wife was as startled as her husband, but she caught sight of the light twinkling from the lantern, and it gave her courage.

"There's a light down yonder," she cried; "let me go and see; and although she was no longer a young woman, love lent her wings, and she flew down the hill towards her child.

"Mother, mother," cried Dollie, stretching out both her arms; and then she fainted.

When she came to she was lying in her mother's lap, and they were both inside the wagon, which was just turning in at the well-known gate which led to the miller's stable.

"Oh, mother! are we all safe?" asked Dollie, who could hardly believe all the danger was over.

"Yes, my own lamb," said her mother tenderly, "and here's father waiting to carry you into the house."

When the poor ankle had been gently bathed with warm water, and carefully bound up in a linen bandage, Dollie tried to explain how the accident had come about, but her mother would not let her talk much that night, and it was not until the next day that she learnt how her child had gone out in the darkness to try and save her parents from the danger which her loving little heart had dreaded for them. When she had told her simple tale the miller tried in vain to scold, but the right words would not come, for there rose before him a vision of a brave little figure in a red flannel cloak starting forth on its errand of love and unselfishness, followed only too quickly by the yet more touching picture of that same little red-cloaked figure, as he had seen it himself, no longer struggling cheerfully along with her load, but lying faint and motionless on the roadway with white unconscious face; and instead of reproach his lips would frame nothing but words of endearment mingled with entreaties that she would never so imperil her precious life again.

Before the week was over there was hardly a homestead far or near where the miller had not tarried under some excuse or other, to relate with his own lips the story of his little Dollie's childish heroism.

As for good old Punch, he became the hero of the country round, and was petted and spoilt to his heart's content.

Little Dollie herself remained unchanged, for she was gifted with the sweet unconsciousness of a simple child-like nature.

THE LUCKY ESCAPE.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

MY UNCLE Meriwether never liked Eustace.

He never did him justice from the beginning—and when he heard that I was actually engaged to him, he spoke in such a way that I declared I wouldn't endure it.

"I am old enough and sensible, I hope to choose for myself," said I, with all the dignity I could muster.

"I don't know about the second part of your assertion, Patty," said my uncle, shrugging his shoulders.

"And I never yet heard that any one was too old to take good advice.

"This dark-eyed handsome fellow seems to have bewitched both you and your sister Elspeth, but you may take my word for it, he is neither more nor less than an adventurer. And——"

But I remained to hear no more.

I flounced back into the house, slamming the door in uncle's honest spectacled face, and bursting into tears as soon as I reached the sitting-room.

"It's a shame," said my sister Elspeth, who from behind the screen of honeysuckle vines that veiled the window, had overheard the whole discussion.

"Don't cry, Patty; I'm sure uncle wouldn't be so domineering about it, if he didn't want you to marry Paul."

"I wouldn't marry Paul Meriwether if there wasn't another man in the world," said I, viciously.

"And I'll marry Eustace Dalzell, anyhow, now.

"Uncle says we don't know anything about him, but I'm sure we know enough."

That was a false assertion on my part.

I only knew of my handsome fiance what he himself had chosen to tell me, namely—that he was a civil engineer, staying down at Weston a few weeks, for his health.

And his friend, Mr. Belfield, was a stock-broker—oh how I wished Mr. Belfield, might take a fancy to Elspeth.

It would be so nice to be married at the same time—to go together and live in London.

"Two spoiled, silly girls," said uncle; "of course they'll fall a ready prey to the first impostor that comes along, and it's only a pity that their poor little bit of property isn't tied up, so that no designing villain can lay hands on it."

But of course, all this was uncle's prejudice.

Fortunately, Elspeth and I were our own mistresses, and needed to ask no one's permission to do as we pleased.

We lived together in the lonely old house on the edge of a moor, with old Dinah to keep house for us, and Peter, her middle-aged son, to take care of the horse, and make himself generally useful.

It was a solitary sort of life, and often very dull, in spite of the music, and books, and birds, by which my sister and I strove to amuse the solitude.

So that I was very glad when Olive Oatley called down from Berton to visit us, and brought her wedding set of diamonds to show.

"Because you see dear," said Olive, "I knew it would be my last chance for a visit, before my marriage.

"And I knew you'd like to see the diamonds.

"So I stitched them into the lining of my blue satin balmoral skirt, and brought them, just to give you a peep."

Elspeth and I looked with awe and admiration at the sparkling gems—necklace, eardrops and brooch.

"Are they very valuable?" I asked.

"A thousand pounds, I believe," said Olive, complacently.

"They belonged to Herbert's mother, and they are to be reset before I wear them.

"I don't think Herbert would have considered it quite safe to let me bring them here, so I didn't mention it to him."

"Nonsense," cried Elspeth. "Where is the risk? Nobody but our three selves knows of their being here, and nobody will know.

"And it's a perfect treat to see them. Just let me clasp them round my neck. Oh, look at them sparkle!

"Did you ever see anything so brilliant in all your life, Patty?"

But just then Elspeth gave a start, and turned scarlet.

Following the direction of her eye, I turned, and beheld Eustace Dalzell standing smiling in the doorway, with his hat in his hand.

"Good morning ladies," said he, courteously.

"Pray, has Miss Elspeth been visiting the valley of Golconda?"

Of course there was nothing for it but to explain the whole story to Eustace.

In five minutes Olive Oatley was as much fascinated with him as we were ourselves.

"I think he is the very nicest man I ever saw in all my life except Herbert Perry," she whispered, confidently, in my ear, as I was going out to order the tea.

Somehow the diamonds made me nervous, and I could not help, in the course of the evening, confiding my vague terrors to Eustace.

"They are not valuable, you see," I said, "and as it happens, Peter has gone over to Berton on business, and won't be back until to-morrow morning, and it is a great responsibility, now, isn't it?"

But Eustace laughed at me, and made light of my fears.

"No one knows they are here, you must remember," he said, lightly.

"But we never thought to close the shutters, and someone may have been looking in through the windows."

"In this solitary place? Nonsense, Patty, nonsense! My little girl isn't showing her usual good sense in this matter.

"Lay aside your fears, and help me laugh at their folly."

Eustace Dalzell went home earlier than usual this night.

In my perturbation, I had almost resolved to ask him to remain all night, a self constituted guardian of our treasures, but I did not venture to do so, and so, at ten o'clock, we three girls, with old Dinah in the kitchen were left to ourselves.

"Dear me, how sleepy I am!" said Olive Oatley, with a prodigious yawn. "I believe I'll go to bed."

So she went—and Elspeth and I put our heads together about the diamonds.

"I wish he had left them in Rome," said Elspeth, who was by this time partially infected by my nervous fears. "Not that I think there is really any danger, but——"

"Well," interrupted my sister, "we may as well follow Olive's example and go to bed. The diamonds are in a secure hiding under her pillow, and I think the burglar who gets 'em will have to have all his senses about him."

I gave a little shudder.

"Elspeth, for goodness sake, don't talk about burglars," said I.

And then we went up to our room.

I had intended to lie awake all night, but I must have fallen into a light doze without being aware of it, for the clock was striking twelve, when I started up at the loud appeal of the door bell below, a sound almost as unusual in our solitary house as the alarm of an Alpine horn.

Olive was already aside in an instant, wrapped in a rose cashmere dressing-gown.

Elspeth had her arm around me, and even old Dinah hobbled in, with a flaring lamp in her hand.

"Go to the door, do, some of you," cried I, hysterically. "Ask who it is. Ask what they want."

And while Olive, Elspeth, and the old attendant obeyed my behest, I hurriedly threw on my white dressing-gown and went to the head of the stairs to listen.

For I felt that in an emergency like this some one ought to keep close to the diamonds.

"There's no one here!" I heard Elspeth say, after the bolts and bars of the front door were withdrawn.

"Yes, there is. I hear someone groaning at the end of the garden," persisted Dinah.

"Oh, dear, the draught has blown out my candle!

"This way Miss Oatley, please—I'm afraid there's been an accident or something."

The next minute the heavy oaken door blew shut with a bang.

It was self-fastening on the inside, and I felt, with a thrill of terror, that I was all alone in the house.

A rustle under the vines that draped the outside of the house—a low whistle, and I could hear a voice—that even then reminded me of Mr. Dalzell's voice—saying in suppressed accents—

"They're safe enough outside, all three of 'em. Now's your time. Quick!"

But whoever it was, he had evidently not calculated on old Dinah's forming one of the household corps; and I felt—with a shocking sensation in my throat—that now was the moment for action.

It all flashed upon my mind in a second.

There was a thief in the room. I got a pistol, rushed in and fired. The report awoke the household and down they came, Dinah bearing a light.

There with a red pool of blood under his shoulderblade, was—Eustace Dalzell.

Of course we delivered my gallant lover, who was not fatally injured, over to the police, by whom he was recognized as an old jail-bird, luxurating in a new name.

Olive Oatley took her diamonds home. Uncle Meriwether said "I told you so!" And I—well, I shed a few tears, at first, but now, more particularly since I became engaged to cousin Paul, I begin to think I have had a lucky escape.

AGAIN.

BY WILLIAM LYLE.

There's no life without it winter,
  There's no year without its sleet,
For the picture must be shaded—
  'Tis the bitter makes the sweet.
And even in stern December,
  Trustful hearts can hear this strain—
At the coming of the daisies,
  We shall all be glad again.

Unto the happiest being
  The sad touch of grief will come.
And Nature must have her season
  When the woods and streams are dumb,
But hearts were not made for sorrow,
  The meads will their green regain.
And the coming of the daisies
  Shall make us all glad again.

Oh! despairing hearts that murmur,
  Hope has happy dreams for you:
Darkness cannot rest forever
  In the bosoms of the true.
Hear this whisper, in the breezes,—
  In the beat of the warm rain—
At the coming of the daisies
  We shall all be glad again.

Have faith when life is sorrowful
  With memories of the dead;
Remember there is a summer
  Where the leaves are never shed.
With face to that better country,
  Find hope in my song's refrain—
At the coming of the daisies
  The earth shall be new again.

THE WAY IT GREW.

A HOUSE which does not possess a pianoforte—called, for short, piano—cannot in these days, some people think, boast much culture. It has come to be almost as necessary a piece of furniture as a table.

Its origin is comparatively recent, and yet the principle of its construction was known to the Jews at the time of David, certainly, and probably long before. It is the simplest of all principles, because only the vibration of a string.

It is, of course, impossible to tell who first discovered the fact that a tightened string would vibrate with a musical tone, and equally impossible to learn who first made a practical use of this discovery.

It is a well-known fact that religion has made use of musical instruments in its worship. The higher and more cultivated nations employed instruments of various kinds.

With the general features of that musical excellence we shall not speak, but confine ourselves to the principle of the vibrating string.

This is shown in several instruments which are known by the names of kinor (harp), nebel (psaltery), sabecca (sackbut), psanterin (dulcimer), and kithros (guitar.) These were all constructed on the principle of the vibration of strings of different lengths and sizes, and thus various tones were produced.

The next step was to provide a mechanism for tightening or loosening the strings at will, thus producing different tones from the same string. Stopping the string at various points also changed the tone. Thus the harp came into being, the strings being plucked or twanged by the fingers.

Somebody discovered that a string would vibrate and produce a musical tone, when a bow was drawn over it. This caused a development in another direction, resulting in a number of instruments, all confined to the violin family; but we pass them by, and remain only with the development leading to the piano.

The principal divisions of the stringed instruments played with the fingers are the lyres, harps and lutes.

The harp was a common instrument among the Egyptians, Assyrians, and Hebrews, and, at an early date, of elegant shape and elaborately ornamented, as the fresco representations on the tomb of Rameses (1250 B. C.) show.

Later, the harp was especially popular in central and northern Europe, and the favorite instrument of the German and Celtic bards, and the Scandinavian skalds.

The most varied kinds of the lyre, more or less differing in construction, form and size, and distinguished by different names, were found amongst the ancient Greeks.

The lute seems to be Arabic origin, and the oldest records of Arabian lutists date back to the sixth century. The lute, *el oud*, had, before the tenth century, only eight strings, or four pairs, producing four tones.

About the tenth century a string for a fifth tone was added. A favorite modification of the lute was the tambourn, with a long neck.

The Arabs introduced the lute into Europe after their conquest of Spain, and this instrument soon became almost as popular as is at the present day the pianoforte.

Until the sixteenth century twelve strings, or six pairs, was the largest number. Lutes with five pairs and a single string, producing six tones, were the most in use.

According to Thomas Mace, the English lute, during the seventeenth century, had twenty-four strings, arranged in twelve pairs, of which six pairs ran over the finger-board, and the other six by the side of it.

The lute was made of various sizes, according to the purpose for which it was intended. The largest kind of double-necked lute was the arch-lute.

The Oriental tambours, or tanbar, the Russian, isbalaika, the Chinese yuckin, and the German quinterna, belong to the numerous class of stringed instruments known under the generic name chitara.

The psalterium, a kind of cithera, with the soundboard at the top, was *par excellence* the stringed instrument of the Middle Ages, and appears either D-shaped, square, or triangular.

The psalterium developed into dulcimer, where the strings were, as in the citola, placed over a sounding-board. In its shape and arrangement the dulcimer already foreshadowed the pianoforte.

Like the psalterium, the dulcimer was played with the fingers, but more generally with two sticks of wood. It contained from six to fifty strings, and the piano or forte, was produced by the greater or lesser force with which the strings were struck.

The development is now plain. Lay the harp on its side, enclose it in a frame, and provide a mechanism for plucking the strings, and we have a modern pianoforte in its elementary state.

Grains of Gold.

There is more vanity and caprice in taste than in intelligence.

What rich harvests of good-will all earnest labors bring us!

Love elevates and refines, fashion depresses and degrades.

Keep true thy deeds, thy honor bright, keep firm thy faith in God and right.

There are questions so indiscreet that they deserve neither truth nor falsehood in reply.

He who lives, and is done with life just as it drops hour by hour from his hands, is not half a man.

Every time the sheep bleats it loses a mouthful, and every time we complain we miss a blessing.

There is no trait more valuable than a determination to persevere when the right thing is to be accomplished.

Some old men like to give good precepts to console themselves for their inability any longer to give bad examples.

Firmness of purpose is one of the most necessary sinews of character, and one of the best instruments of success.

If we wish to be judges of all things, let us first persuade ourselves of this—that there is not one of us without fault.

The clouds of earth are not those which sweep across the sun, but those which rise out of unhappy hearts and evil lives.

Cheerfulness is a matter which depends fully as much on the state of things within us as on the state of things without and around us.

The most censorious are generally the least judicious, who, having nothing to recommend themselves, will be finding fault with others.

He only is advancing in life whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace.

Working in line with the great law of progress, every word and action tells, not only in good to others, but in the development of the best part of ourselves.

Few things require more of a calm, sweet, wholesome discipline than the manner with which we bear with disappointment, so we are masters of ourselves.

The thing to do with a nettle is to admire its beauty, touch its softness, delight in its fragrance, and avoid its needles of pain. So all the nettled events of life.

The natural alone is permanent. Fantastic ideals may be worshipped for a while; but at length they are overturned by the continual and silent progress of Truth.

Let a man have a fervent love for what is pure, just and honorable, let him have a cordial abhorrence of what is sensual, mean, tricky and ungenerous, and he will not go far wrong.

Wise men read very sharply all your private history in your look, gait and behavior. The whole economy of nature is bent on expression. The tell-tale body is all tongues.

An enlightened mind is not hoodwinked; it is not shut up in a gloomy prison, till it thinks the walls of its own dungeon the limits of the universe, and the reach of its own chain the outer verge of all intelligence.

Femininities.

Handsome women without religion are like flowers without perfume.

A woman would be in despair if nature had formed her as fashion makes her appear.

True love is like chocolate. Once cooled, no amount of warming will bring back the original flavor.

Love, that has nothing but beauty to keep it in good health, is short-lived, and apt to have ague fits.

Whenever a man says he thanks the Lord that he hasn't a wife, every woman in the land should respond with a hearty amen.

"The honeymoon is all well enough," said a prudent belle, "but what I want to see beyond that is the promise of a fine harvest moon."

An East Saginaw girl, who had a quarrel with her lover, remarked to a friend that "she was not on squeezing terms with that fraud any more."

A St. Paul woman re-married her husband from whom she had been divorced, and then got mad because he wouldn't take her on a bridal tour.

An Ohio man had to entertain his own mother and his wife for a week at the same time, and he says he is now ready to join any show as a lion-tamer.

A harsh voice, a coarse laugh—trifles like these have suddenly spoiled many a favorable first impression. The cultivation of the heart must be real—not feigned.

Flowers are again worn in the hair. They form a small wreath to go far back around the crown of the head, and the slender filaments of an aigrette spring upward in the centre.

"Mary, can you scour tin-ware with alacrity?" asked a lady of a girl who was an applicant for service. "I don't believe I could," said Mary; "I've always scoured it with sand."

The man who takes a party of girls to a church entertainment may properly be spoken of as the conductor of the party, for he has to collect the fair when it's time to go home.

A woman who obeys her husband in all proper things is at least pleasing and graceful; but a man "under his wife's thumb," is one of the most contemptible spectacles in existence.

A Missouri man, who holds that a woman who eats corn-beef and breakfast-bacon cannot be a lady, gets away with a pound of plug tobacco a week, and feels himself a perfect gentleman.

In Dakota married women retain their own real estate and personal property, and may make contracts, sue and be sued, as if single. Neither husband nor wife has any interest in the property of the other.

A young lady in North Carolina requested to be released from her marriage engagement on the ground that when she contracted it she believed her lover to be "a duck," but has since found him to be a goose.

Some singers at a concert were rather startled the other evening by finding that the selection, "When wearied wretches sink to sleep," had been printed on the programmes: "When married wretches" etc.

Let a man go home at night, wearied and worn out by the toils of the day, and how sweet is a word dictated by a sweet disposition! It is sunshine falling on his heart. He is happy, and the cares of life are forgotten.

"How is it that you have never kindled a flame in any man's heart?" asked a rich lady of her portionless niece. "I suppose it's because I'm not a good match," responded the poor niece, in a voice filled with sadness.

Miss Fannie Curtis, of Stratford, Conn., is going about acting again, after having been bedridden by what seemed incurable infirmities for over twenty years, and her recovery is set down to the "faith and prayer cure."

In Alaska, as soon as an Indian girl marries she is entitled to wear a silver or bone peg in the hollow of her lower lip as an ornament. The peg is useful as well as ornamental; it is sometimes used to button up their mouth with.

Above all other requisites in a woman is conscientiousness. Without this one touchstone of character, no matter what her charms and acquirements, she cannot expect to command the lasting regard of any man whose love is worth having.

A young man who had been going with a Vermont girl for some time, and had made her several presents, asked her one day if she would accept a puppy. He was awful mad when she replied that her mother had told her if he proposed to her, to say no.

They say that old letters cut up into strips will make good pillow-stuffing. Now, I have any amount of my old love-letters, which were returned, and I think they are so soft that they would make excellent pillows. My sleep might be a little disturbed, but I believe the pillow would be very soft.

Mrs. Clarissa Davenport Raymond celebrated her 102d birthday anniversary the other day, at Wilton, Conn., where she resides with her only living daughter, who is over 80 years old. The occasion brought together five generations of the centenarian.

A silk farm has been established in Powhattan county, Virginia, and a Vassar College graduate thinks it must be so nice, because the farmer's wife and daughters can go out in the field and pick silk enough to make a new dress whenever they feel so inclined.

Love-lorn youth, hoping to excite sympathy in the bosom of his adored Arabella: "Do you know, my angel, that I cannot bear the slightest excitement—not even to be spoken harshly to, for I am subject to heart disease, and might drop dead at a moment's notice."

Two women threw pepper into the eyes of a man and then cowhided him as he was passing along the street of an Iowa town the other day, but about the time they got through discovered they had mistaken the man. The victim is a prominent merchant of the place.

News Notes.

There are 85,000 Hebrews in New York city.

Ireland's population is 3,000,000 less than in 1841.

Eleven States now allow women to vote in school affairs.

Kerosene oil is solidified in Russia and made into candles.

There are 75 life-prisoners in the New York State prisons.

Newark, N. J., makes $2,000,000 worth of bricks annually.

Fire destroys an average of 90 churches a year in this country.

A Florida fisherman has seen a swamp snake over 30 feet long.

Richly-carved dining-chairs are upholstered in alligator-skin.

The *Toolist* is the name of a paper published in Clarksville, Tenn.

The Londoners consume about 18,000,000 pounds of meat each week.

There are only three Chinese women in the whole of New England.

Fashionable New Yorkers are showing a fleeting fancy for the cowslip.

A South Carolina man has patented a machine to make 200 cigarettes a minute.

New York city spends $3,000,000 a year on churches, and $7,000,000 on amusements.

Fish may be scaled much easier by first dipping them in boiling water for a minute.

Hundreds of young women work for 45 cents a day making shirts in New York city.

A detachment of the regular army still stands guard at the tomb of President Garfield.

All the newest importations of French gowns have a bit of red somewhere about them.

It costs $100,000,000 more to pay the nation's drink bill than the national meat and bread bills.

It is estimated that there are nearly five thousand miles of house-top wires in the city of New York.

More than 60 per cent. of the adult male population of New Mexico can neither read nor write.

Whooping cough is bothering many old as well as young persons on the Pacific coast, it is reported.

Ventilation in the dairy should be done at night or early in the morning, when the air is the coolest.

Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll's log house in New Mexico is not the log house of primitive days. It cost $8,000.

Dion Boucicault calculates that there are now in the United States 2,500 theatres, valued at $10,000,000.

Orrin S. Todd, a farmer of Tolland, Connecticut, has died from glanders, communicated from a sick horse.

The different shooting clubs in England have in five years purchased 267,000 pigeons for sport, at a cost of $401,295.

Maury, Tennessee, is the banner county in the United States for mules. Its annual shipment is from 7,000 to 8,000.

It requires ten cars to take $2,500 worth of grain to market, while the same value of butter can be carried in half a car.

No less than 1,103 persons met with an untimely death in Berlin during the past year, 414 of whom committed suicide.

Hamburg, Germany, has adopted a cheap cab, called a "taxameter." It registers automatically the distance traveled.

There are twelve manufactories of artificial teeth in the United States, which make 10,000,000 of these useful articles per annum.

Dwelling houses at Hailey, Idaho, are invaded by an insect which emits an odor, so sickening that "people who smell it want to die."

A man in Coffee county, Ala., is said to be afflicted with rabies contracted from smoking the pipe of a man who had been bitten by a mad dog.

According to the laws of Wyoming, there shall be no discrimination made in that Territory with regard to sex in the pay of any kind of work.

A firm in Jeffersonville, Ind., has succeeded in casting the largest glass plate ever made in this country, showing a surface of 136 square feet.

A Belfast, Me., man, aged 79, has been made defendant in a breach of promise of marriage suit in which the heart-broken plaintiff is 77 years old.

A single cattle ranche in Texas, at the head of Red River, is said to contain nearly 24,000 acres more than the entire State of Rhode Island contains in territory.

Julian Arnold, who has just sailed for home, told a gentleman while in this country that his father wrote most of "Light of Asia" on his cuff, during his morning rides into London.

A man in Canojaharie, N. Y., has patented a clock that will run six months from a single winding, and promises to make one shortly that will only require to be wound up annually.

King Humbert, of Italy, seldom partakes of food at the family table. He suffers much from dyspepsia, and has the little that he eats—and he eats only to live—especially prepared and served in his private room.

A sardonic English writer has brought out a book called "The Wife Beaters' Manual," giving a horrible list of attacks by men on women in England. The book is intended to help a Baron de Worms, a legislator, who proposes a bill for inflicting flogging on wife-beaters.

New Publications.

"What and Why," is a finely printed and unique little volume upon cycling matters. The contents are made up of information which will no doubt create a renovation among wheelmen, for within the pages of the book is an ocean of matter in a bucket. Received from Albert A. Pope; 597 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

"The Telephone" of West Philadelphia has been changed from a folio to an eight-page paper, besides indulging in other improvements. It is the first paper of this size that has ever been published in that populous and rapidly growing district—appropriately styled the Belgravia of Philadelphia. The "Telephone" has become a deservedly popular institution.

"Cicero De Senectute" (on old age), translated, with an introduction and notes, by Andrew P. Peabody has been sent us by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. This is one of the most powerful productions of the great Roman orator, and many will be glad to see in this neat and plain English dress, his reasoning on such an interesting subject. The little treatise while abounding in the best philosophy is also so rich in historical allusions etc., that it can be equally read for its method as for its matter. Beautifully printed and bound in cloth.

MAGAZINES.

Our Little Ones and the Nursery for June is full of just such pictures and reading matter as are best calculated to please the younger little ones. For this class of readers there is no such book in type, illustrations and literature published anywhere. $1,50 yer year. The Russell Publishing Co. 36 Bromfield St., Boston.

Lippincott's Magazine for June opens with an illustrated paper on Raglan Castle, the finest ruin in England, and one of the richest in historical associations. W. H. Schuyler discusses the subject of Academy Endowments. Dr. Felix L. Oswald continues his papers on Healthy Homes. The concluding paper on Shakspeare's Tragedies on the Stage, describes the acting of Forrest, the elder Booth, and Macready, and contrasts their qualities and methods. Voyaging on the Savannah, by Charles Burr Todd, is a graphic and lively article, and Mimicry in Animals, by C. F. Holden, of the American Museum of Natural History, contains much that is striking and interesting. Two short serials, The Perfect Treasure, by F. C. Baylor, which is one of the most amusing Stories ever published in an American Magazine, and At Last, by Annie Porter, are concluded in this number. Winifred's Letter; and A Railway Problem, are entertaining short stories. A new serial, by Mary Agnes Tincker, will be begun in the July number, which is the first of a new volume. $3,00 per annum.

The Popular Science Monthly has the following contents for June: The Sins of Legislators. II., by Herbert Spencer; Modes of reproduction in Plants, Illustrated; Evolution and Dissolution of the Nervous System; The Pole and Wire Evil; Stethoscopy, by Samuel Hart, M. D. Illustrated; Coal and the Coal-tar Colors; The Chemistry of Cookery; Ensilage and Fermentation; Geography and the Railroads; The Life-Work of Pasteur; Clean Drinking-Water; Physiology Versus Metaphysics; Professor Dvorak's Sound-Mills, Illustrated; Arnold Henry Guyot; Editor's Table; The Progress of Mental Science—A Model Benefaction; Literary Notices; Popular Miscellany and Notes. Appleton & Co., New York.

The North American Review for June opens with an article on Harboring Conspiracy, by Prof. Henry Wade Rodgers, who examines, in the light of international law, the diplomatic history of the United States and the national constitution, the question as to how far our government may and must go in suppressing plots against governments with which we are at peace. Henry D. Lloyd, in the same number of the Review, shows how every branch of production is coming under the control of Lords of Industry, corporations and monopolies. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has an article marked by rare philosophic force upon the Struggle for Immortality. Other articles of not less importance are: Sociological Fallacies, by Prof W. G. Summer; Walt Whitman, by Walter Kennedy; and a symposium on Expert Testimony, by Rossiter Johnson, Dr. W. W. Godding, T. O'Conor Sloane and Dr. Charles L. Dana. The North American Review, New York.

NEW MUSIC.

From Russell & Co., Music Publishers, Boston, we have received the following issues of their Musical Libraries: Angel Messengers 10c; Land of Bright Spirits 10; A Little While Longer 10; The Land far Away 10; We Shall All Be Happy Soon 10; Hither Bright Angels 10; When We Pass the Golden Gate; That Beautiful City 10.

Important.

Philadelphians arriving in New York via Cortland Street Ferry by taking the 6th Avenue Elevated Train corner Church and Cortland Streets, can reach the Grand Union Hotel in 42d Street opposite Grand Central Depot in twenty minutes, and save $3 Carriage Hire. If enroute to Saratoga or other Summer resorts via Grand Central Depot, all Baggage will be transfered from Hotel to this Depot, FREE. 600 Elegantly furnished rooms $1, and upwards per day. Restaurant the best and cheapest in the City. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union, than at any other first class hotel in the city.

FROM LITTLE, MUCH.

A CHINESE proverb says that there are as many useful properties in the cocoanut palm as there are days in the year: and a Polynesian saying tell us that the man who plants a cocoa-nut plants meat drink, hearth and home, vessels and clothing, for himself and his children after him.

Like the great Mr. Whiteley, the palm-tree might modestly advertise itself as a universal provider.

The solid part of the nut supplies food almost alone to thousands of people daily; and the milk serves them for drink, thus acting as an efficient filter to the water absorbed by the roots in the most polluted or malarious regions.

If you tap the flower stalk you get a sweet juice, which can be boiled down into the peculiar sugar called (in the charming dialect of commerce) Jaggery; or it can be fermented into a very nasty spirit known as palm-wine, toddy, or arrack: or it can be mixed with bitter herbs and roots to make that delectable compound "native beer." If you squeeze the dry nut, you get cocoanut oil, which is as good as lard for frying when fresh, and is "an excellent substitute for butter at breakfast," on tropical tables.

Under the mysterious name of copra (which most of us have seen with awe described in the market reports as "firm" or "weak" "receding" or "steady"), it forms the main or only export of many Oceanic islands and is largely imported into the United States, where the thicker portion is called stearine, and used for making sundry candles with fanciful names; while the clear oil is employed for burning in ordinary lamps.

In the process of purification, it yields glycerine; and it enters largely into the manufacture of most better-class soaps.

The fibre that surrounds the nut makes up the other mysterious article of commerce known as coir, which is twisted into stout ropes or woven into cocoanut matting and ordinary door-mats.

Brushes and brooms are also made of it; and it is used, not always in the most honest fashion, in stuffing cushions.

The shell, cut in half, supplies good cups and is artistically carved by the Polynesians, Japanese, Hindus, and other benighted heathen, who have not yet learned the true methods of civilized machine-made shoddy manufacture.

The leaves serve as excellent thatch; on the flat blades, prepared like papyrus, the most famous Buddhist manuscripts are written; the long mid-ribs or branches (strictly speaking, the leaf-stalks) answer admirably for rafters, posts, or fencing; the fibrous sheath at the base is a remarkable natural imitation of cloth, employed for strainers, wrappers, and native hats; while the trunk, or stem, passes in carpentry under the name of porcupine wood, and produces beautiful effects as a wonderfully-colored cabinet-maker's material.

These are only a few selected instances out of the innumerable uses of cocoanut palm.

* * * * * *

It is wonderful how much use we now make in our own houses of this far Eastern nut, whose very name still bears upon its face the impress of its originally savage origin.

From morning to night, we never leave off being indebted to it.

We wash with it as old brown Windsor or glycerine soap the moment we leave our beds.

We walk across our passages on the mats made from its fibre.

We sweep our rooms with its brushes, and wipe our feet on it as we enter our doors.

As rope, it ties up our trunks and packages; in the hands of the housemaid, it scrubs our floors; or else, woven into coarse cloth, it acts as a covering for bales and furniture sent by rail or steamboat.

The confectioner undermines our digestion in early life in cocoanut candy; the cook tempts us further on with cocoanut cake; and we are then cordially invited to complete the ruin with cocoanut biscuits.

We anoint our chapped hands with one of its preparations after washing, and grease the wheels of our carriage with another to make them run smoothly.

Finally, we us the oil to burn in our reading lamps, and light ourselves at last to bed with stearine candles.

Altogether, an amateur census of a single small cottage results in the startling discovery that it contains twenty-seven distinct articles which trace their origin in one way or another to the cocoanut and palm.

A DROP OF WATER.—Visitors at the Crystal Palace, London, are now amused and instructed with a giant electric microscope and a powerful electric light installation, which shows a large number of familiar articles, and beer. A drop of water presents the most extraordinary monsters imagination can conceive. Serpents, crocodiles, and worse dragons, whirl about through their liquid element, striking terror to the hearts of all beholders. Salt and sugar are exhibited as densely populated, and even the most carefully filtered water is filled with black specks, which float rapidly about, giving an occasional edaying whirl which suggests vitality.

WHAT current coin of the realm is like a hat?—A crown piece to be sure.

IF your beard is not of a pleasing shade, remedy the defect by the use of Buckingham's Dye for the whiskers.

THE PATENT POWDER MAN.

From door to door, with grip-sack in his hand,
An oily tongue, and smile both sweet and bland,
He goes, a patent powder selling,
To polish iron, silver, steel or brass;
There's nothing can approach it or surpass—
A priceless boon for every dwelling.

"I'll show you, ma'am, (for showing there's no charge),
One moment on its merits I'll enlarge:
It has the richest lustre,
And pig iron, if this powder is applied—
This is a truth that's been well verified—
Will as the brightest steel pass muster.

"It is the best, as time itself will show—
I'll bring this door-plate to the fairest glow;
Please allow me to apply it,
And, using once, if not too much to say,
You would your only dollar give away,
Or a sealskin sacque, to buy it."

"Pass me the cloth and brush," replies the dame;
Upon yourself now let me try the same,
And your figure let me plazon."
"Zounds! madam, I'm no door-plate, can't you see."
"I perceive no difference," smirks she,
"Pedlars and door-plates both are brazen!"

—WM. MACKINTOSH.

Humorous.

Sheer nonsense—Bangs.

A swell turnout—A boil.

A false profit—Ill-gotten gains.

A clean record—A laundry bill.

A prior arrangement—A crowbar.

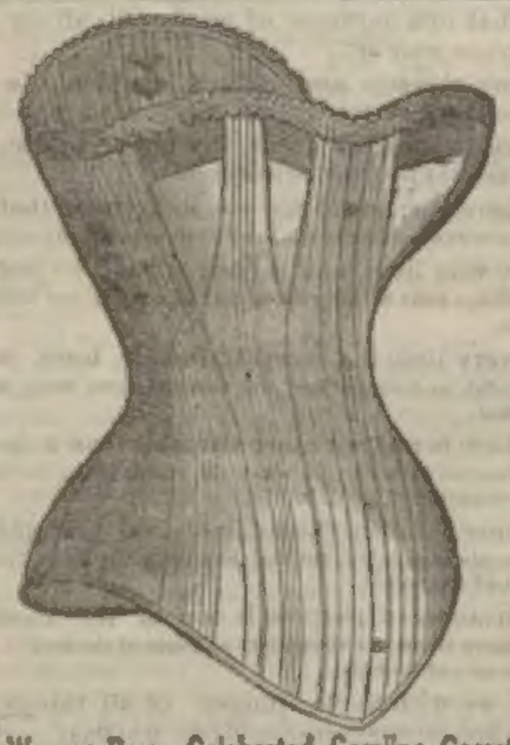
Rheumatism of the heart and other forms of heart disease cured by Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. Price $1.

A young man suffering from hereditary gout, said he didn't mind the pain of it so much, "but," said he, "the thought that some old ancestor had all the fun of acquiring this precious heirloom, is what takes hold of me."

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 118 West Springfield Street, Boston, Mass.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.



Warner Bros. Celebrated Coraline Corsets are the acknowledged standard of Europe and America.

The **Flexible Hip** (see cut) is especially adapted to those whose corsets break over the hip. The Health, Nursing, Coraline, Abdominal and Misses' Corsets, are all popular styles, adapted to ladies of different forms.

Price, from $1 up. FOR SALE BY LEADING MERCHANTS EVERYWHERE. *Avoid all imitations. Be sure our name is on the box.*

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HUMPHREYS'

In use 30 years.—Special Prescriptions of an eminent Physician. **Simple, Safe and Sure.**

LIST OF PRINCIPAL NOS.	CURES	PRICE
1	Fevers, Congestion, Inflammations	.25
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17	Piles, Blind or Bleeding	.50
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20	Whooping Cough, Violent Coughs	.50
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DR. RADWAY'S
SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.
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FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE. SCROFULOUS OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swelling, Tumors, Flip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout Dropsy, Bronchitis, Consumption.

For the cure of

SKIN DISEASES,

ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE AND BODY, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, SALT RHEUM, OLD SORES, ULCERS, Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent excels all remedial agents. It purifies the blood, restoring health and vigor; clear skin and beautiful complexion secured to all.

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Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy or mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and where there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicine than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. One Dollar Per Bottle.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

COUGHS, COLDS, INFLAMMATIONS, FEVER AND AGUE CURED AND PREVENTED.

DR. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, DIPHTHERIA, INFLUENZA, SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING.

RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES

By Radways' Ready Relief.

MALARIA

IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS,

FEVER AND AGUE.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers, (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Looseness, Diarrhœa, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

ACHES AND PAINS.

For headache, whether sick or nervous, toothache, neuralgia, nervousness and sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine, or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure. Price, 50 cents.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

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Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.

☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

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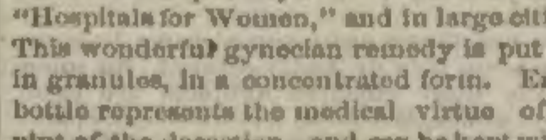

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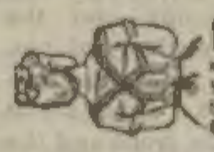

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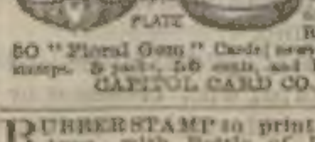

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

THE hats and bonnets improve with the season. They grow prettier, more stylish, and also more "stunning," every day.

The dressy capotes, the little bonnets that come into requisition for the evening, drive, the visit, are quite uncommonly fascinating.

We do not remember ever to have seen anything more so in this line.

The tissues brought into use for them are so exceptionally desirable—the gold and silver laces, the cloth of gold and of silver with small deep velvet figures embossed, the gold tulles, the crepe de Chine, soft tinted, and most delicately wrought by cunning fingers, with branching sprays and tiny flowers.

All this is charming. And the result, when twisted up, and finished off with a long eccentric pin, a quivering aigrette and smooth feather pompon glistening with dust, knot of rich velvet ribbon, glowing yellow or burning chimson, a bouquet of the freshest, the most tempting looking Spring flowers, is very near perfection.

The flowers increase, increase always. They are driving feathers from the field. The round hats have three or four tips of medium length often enough; but a huge handful of flowers, mixed with acorns, thistles and tinselled grasses, set squarely on the front of them, is much newer.

Likewise a colossal cocarde of ribbon, sometimes of three tints, with countless loops of notched ends.

One may mix these big bows with feathers, also with flowers; but they are really more effective by themselves, a plain strap of velvet carried about the crown and a velvet lining of puff for the edge of the brim added.

This sounds simple, and is so in reality. But the majority of hats and bonnets have not simplicity as their chief characteristic by any means.

They are very lavishly supplied with trimmings; decidedly overloaded with it, in many instances, in fact.

Neither are showy effects, what the French call "tapageus," noisy, avoided. A round black straw with a twist of geranium red velvet and an enormous cluster of ox-eyed daisies of a rich golden yellow placed on the front, and mixed with plenty of foliage in very glowing reds and yellows, does not seem especially brilliant surrounded by other vividly colored specimens of head gear.

Neither does a round hat of cloth of gold, covered with black Spanish lace over the very high square crown, and twisted round with gold cloth held by glistening ornaments, four black tips a little towards the left side, giving a decided note to the whole thing, seem more generously supplied with trimmings than many of its fellows. One is not taken aback when one sees a bouquet of pale crush roses large enough to fill a flower-box packed across the front of a pistache straw, with puff and twist of darker green velvet.

To be sure, the hat-shapes are such this Spring that they make heavy masses of trimming necessary.

The high steeple or the big square crowns, the brims that shoot that shoot out broader in front than behind, the queer convulutions imparted to others, make an "ensemble" so grotesque that an abundance of ornament is required to soften and tone down the hard, unlovely outlines.

The little bonnets, on the contrary, scarce larger than one's hand, receive quite another mode of treatment.

All their trimmings must be light, delicate, proportioned in size.

The strings are not more than two inches wide, and, in almost every case, of velvet. Indeed, it is remarkable the quanity of velvet that is used on the Spring hats and bonnets.

The oddest, the most "chic," bonnet shape the new season has brought out is that known in Paris as the "capote beguin."

It has a moderately high crown, perfectly square on the front, and shelving downward to the head behind.

It is usually made of gold or silver lace or cloth, tulle sprinkled with crescents or stars of jet, steel or gold, or rich embroidery in crepe de Chine or net, and resembles most the kingly form of the quaint mediaival female headdress on a small pattern.

A charming example is of silver cloth, embroidered with a raised guipure figure in silver; a puff of deep green velvet is set on the brim, and there are narrow velvet strings to correspond; on the front are set a white feather pompon and aigrette, dipped in silver, and a small knot of wild roses, their delicate pink so fresh that one would think the blossoms had that moment been plucked.

Another "beguin" bonnet is an open network of large jet beads, through which the hair shows; on the front is a cluster of four yellow Japanese chrysanthemums; the strings are of yellow velvet.

A tiny apology for a bonnet is of pale ecru crepe de Chine, embroidered in faint colors; the strings are of dark olive velvet, likewise a narrow long knot set back of the embroidered scarf twisted across the front; this scarf and the velvet knot are held together by an iridescent beetle; in the back, where the strings are brought up together, is another beetle, a mate to the first.

Rather original is a black chip capote, the front of which is covered with a cream-white crepe scarf twisted round with strings of seed pearls; the scarf ends form strings; on the front is a white aigrette.

The white dresses for this summer are more elaborate, more richly and lavishly adorned, and more beautiful than ever before.

Time was when such dresses were simply known as wash-dresses; and were washed a good many times during the season, and so constructed that they could thus be used without detriment to them.

Now, the nainsooks, the lawns, the organdies, the muslins, must be treated very differently indeed.

The more elaborate ones cannot be intrusted to any hands less dainty than those of a French laundress who makes a specialty of such things and charges in proportion—or out of proportion—to the very fine work she does.

This may be done once in the season, perhaps; at other times the flouncings, the laces, the embroideries are simply freshened up by pressing and ironing.

It must be admitted that these dresses never look so well after they have been through one laundrying, even of the most scientific kind.

If a serviceable white dress is wanted, one which can be washed, it should be made with tucked flounces, which are popular, a long overdress easily taken down for pressing, and a reasonably plain basque, a round waist with a belt.

From this grade of dress—which is always neat, fresh and ladylike—to the most complex specimens, there are many intermediate stages and an endless variety in minor details.

As an example of the most dressy nainsooks this is perfect: Round skirt with deep embroidered flounce; four flounces of same width set lengthwise down the sides to form panels, only lapping half over the other and tucked down here and there, but so as to avoid all stiffness; black drapery of the plain nainsook very full; basque short and round, entirely of embroidery, opening in the front over vest of tiny nainsook plaits; great jabot of Pompadour lace about throat, and carried down over front of vest, and, between the panels of embroidery, down the skirt to the flounce; at four intervals, from the throat to the latter, bunches of apricot satin ribbon, held by straps starting from the sides of the jabot, mix their flowing loops and ends with the soft cascades of lace.

Less elaborate in effect, though no cheaper to get up, is this model: Two six inch embroidered ruffles at foot of skirt, seven narrower embroidered ruffllings forming "tenilles"—pyramids—on the sides; square overdress, entirely of embroidery, falling over the front; the fullness of the same caught like a puff about hips and held on the left side front and the right side back with large knots of blue satin ribbon: basque of embroidery opening over bouffant plastron of plain nainsook, with cascade of lace and knots of ribbon intermixed.

Such dresses are lovely—there is no denying that.

The same models reproduced in the sheer, silky Persian lawns are still more so.

Fireside Chat.

SCREENS AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

EARLY in the last century there was a rage in the fashionable world for screens and fans of all kinds.

In the publications of the time we find constant allusions to the prevailing taste, which was particularly partial to anything of Japanese manufacture.

In an old magazine for the year 1728 we find this advice—

"Ne'er chuse a screen, and never touch a fan,
Till it has sailed from India or Japan."

These Eastern goods still hold their own, and justly so, in public opinion, for they are unrivalled in beauty of color and quaintness of design.

But, in spite of the injunction quoted above, we have the presumption to think that we can, even in our own homes, produce some very beautiful screens which anyone may "chuse and touch" without being suspected of want of taste.

We begin with the most common form, the screen pure and simple, which those of the most moderate purse may make for themselves without being obliged to reproach themselves with extravagance, namely, the picture or scrap screen.

These may be either extremely pretty and artistic, or, equally possible, extremely ineffective, looking patchy and confused, according to the taste and skill of the maker.

Let us try to describe the best way of making them, so that the result will be of the former style.

Nearly every one nowadays takes in one or two illustrated magazines, and when they have been read, if not worth binding we throw them aside, or keep them in some convenient cupboard, hoping that in time we shall think of some use for them. Then there are the heaps of old Christmas cards and valentines, which are too pretty to throw away, and yet if we have already filled one scrap book our resources are at an end, and what is to be done with the rest?

Now if we turn all these boards into account by making them into scrap screens, they are not only really useful in a cold or draughty room, but, if nicely made, are a great ornament at the same time.

First, then, we must get the plain deal frame.

It should consist of either three or four wings, about six feet high, though this is only a matter of taste; they need be only three feet if preferred.

They are covered with coarse canvas, but the wings must not be fastened together till each one is finished.

When the carpenter has ended his part of the work, we must get some large sheets of paper from the paperhanger's; if our pictures are chiefly engravings, it should be black (and it must be understood that well chosen and arranged engravings make a very handsome screen).

But if we have a number of colored pictures, green is the best for the background. Then the paper must be smoothly pasted on each wing over the canvas, so as to completely cover it, and all blisters and creases carefully pressed away.

The joins will not show at all when all the pictures are put on.

The wings must then be put aside in a warm place till perfectly dry.

But we need not waste our time during the process, for there are all the pictures to cut out, and the thick ones, such as Christmas cards and oleographs, must have the top sheet peeled off, or they will not adhere to the screen.

They should be laid with the colored side upwards, on a plate of cold water, or if very large or there are a number of them, a bath is the most covenient place.

They must be left for several hours, some even will require a whole night to loosen them.

After an hour or two take one out, and you will see that at the edge the card looks like several sheets gummed together, and if you loosen these with a penknife you will find that the top sheet, with the picture on it, will easily peel off.

The pictures should be only partly cut out, or you may find that you have cut away just the portion that would be most useful.

Do not throw away any pictures because they seem poor or badly-colored, for some of the most effective subjects are to be found amongst colored advertisements, and some of the prettiest wreaths of flowers from floral trade lists; the varnish hides many defects.

Having an extensive supply of pictures ready and partly cut out, the next thing is to arrange a plan.

Do not put the pictures on anyhow, just as they come; you will use twice as many as are really required, and the effect will, after all, be nothing but a confused jumble.

The method of arrangement depends partly on the number of wings to be covered and the class of pictures.

A subject is sometimes chosen to be carried out all through; for a four-winged screen the four seasons naturally suggests itself; for one with only three divisions, childhood manhood, and old age.

If there be no regular plan, large pictures must be chosen for the lower part of the screen, getting smaller and lighter towards the upper part, and, if possible, there should be a picture with a good deal of sky quite at the top.

The easiest way to plan it out is to lay one flap of the screen on a table, place the principal pictures on it, moving them about till they are quite satisfactory; the innumerable little ones required to fill up the gaps can be left till afterwards.

Then lay another wing of the screen by the side of the first, and set to work to paste the pictures on it, taking them one at a time from the first, and not disturbing the arrangement of the others till the previous one is quite firmly secured.

Be very careful, and thoroughly saturate each picture with paste, and to smooth out all blisters for no amount of varnishing will disguise them afterwards, and they will always be an eyesore. When the general plan of the design has been carried out the gaps must be filled in with little pictures or scraps cut from larger ones.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Correspondence.

HARRY.—Wild hedgehogs are quite common in some parts of New York State.

ELLA.—The meaning of trailing arbutus in the "Language of Flowers" is "welcome."

ANNIE.—We advise you to dismiss the young man. We do not think him worthy of your love.

BLOSSOM.—You can mix dextrine with anything on earth you please. What do you mean? For what purpose do you wish to use it? If as gum, dissolve in warm water until it is as thick as you wish it.

HILDA.—It is better to be little and good than tall and good for nothing. You are just at the age when many good people begin to grow rapidly, and it is quite possible that you will grow five or six inches before you are twenty-one.

F. A. P.—Russia picked a quarrel with Turkey nominally about the protectorate of the Holy Places, but really to gain possession of Constantinople, which the Autocrat of all the Russias would greatly like to possess. If you wish to study the matter, take up Kinglake's *History of the War in the Crimea*.

QUEENIE.—1. If your lover was three years older, he would be more suitable to you. You must make up your mind to wait for some four years at least before he will be in a position to marry. 2. Only an old woman's story. 3. Plenty of air and exercise, and moderately good living, will give you a healthy appearance.

BROKEN-HEARTED.—Even if you are unambitious, your brother's opinion should weigh with you, as the outlook is not a very bright one, having in view the future and its many possibilities. And your mother's riper knowledge must not be lightly set aside; really she is your best adviser. Of course your own feelings should to some extent be studied; but you need not let them run away with you, the more so as you are not yet twenty-one.

DAPHNE.—The mode of pronounciation adopted generally in the public schools for Latin cannot be correctly described as Italian. It consists simply in the employment of full and articulate sounds for the vowels. In some broad characteristics these sounds may be held to bear a stronger affinity to the Italian than to those adopted by other nations; but Latin, as read at the schools, has no resemblance to the living language of Italy.

LENNIE.—It would not be improper to broach the subject, but as yet we think you are too young to become a missionary in such a cause. Leave a task like the one proposed, for your elders. "Accept" is the way of spelling the word which you write "except." Remember that in pointing out such mistakes we do not wish to rebuke you for not knowing better, but by warning you, to prevent others doing so, who would be actuated by far worse motives than those of kindness.

EMILIE E. C.—There is often very great difficulty in obtaining a suitable situation. Work in a shop is trying. Domestic service is preferable; but the question is one that must be decided on its personal merits—for example, suitability, opportunity, etc. Of course, if there be a good prospect of success and of contentment in a shop, that may do well enough as a way of livelihood, although "service" ensures great freedom from anxiety, and, generally speaking, if there be industry, docility, and honesty, it is the more permanent.

B. B.—If speech was given to man to enable him to disguise his thought, it may in certain circumstances be justifiable to indulge in obscurity when speaking or writing; but, unless that fundamental proposition be just, we do not understand the question, "In what circumstances, if ever, is obscurity in writing or speaking justifiable?" If you do not wish people to understand you, it is easy to be obscure, but not otherwise. B. B. has succeeded in being delightfully obscure in his question. We have not the slightest notion what he means. Is it a conundrum?

READER.—"Thought-reading" is either a trick or an imposture. As played for amusement, it is a trick. One way of performing it is to trace the letters of a word by movements of the pupil of the eye. With a little practice it is easy to communicate thus. The game of finding hidden articles is really "muscle-reading," the indications being given by the wrist. For example, an acute performer will recognize by the unconscious movements of the hand he holds or applies to his forehead, when he is near the object he has to find. A friendly hand will guide him to it by its twitches and trepidation, also by its very temperature, while an adverse hand will unconsciously draw him away from it. Either indication may be utilized. It is much easier to "feel" when blindfolded, so that, instead of that being a drawback, it is an advantage. We know of no book on the subject; but a very little practice will make a clever and sensitive person proficient. The half-hysterical noises made by some who "do" this sort of thing, and the excitement into which they throw themselves and others, help their object first by taking the attention of the guiding person off his own movements, and thus rendering his hand a better index of his thoughts, and, second, by serving to give the operator time to think and feel, and covering the bewilderment of his first frantic efforts.

CONVERSION.—"Conversion" is a term applied to the change which is supposed to take place in the nature of man when he undergoes what is called the "new birth." A great deal of mystical speculation on this subject has been and is common among people who mean well, but are not very wise. Surrounded by an atmosphere of emotional religion mingled with superstition, the mind is able to set a sort of value on this idea of "conversion;" but, once outside this atmosphere, it is seen to be a mistake. Beyond question, when men and women who have never seriously thought on religious subjects are first impressed by them, a startling change of feeling takes place. This may and must happen in the case of the careless as well as the ignorant. Thus it often happens that the son or daughter of religious parents will suddenly see matters in a strikingly new light. The very same doctrines which have been preached into the same ears for a long time, will instantly, as it were, strike the hearer as quite new. The change wrought by this sudden awakening is called "conversion." As might have been expected, these "conversions" are most common in the most careless classes of the people, and they generally occur under the influence of powerful appeals to the emotional nature in connection with "revivals" and "missions." They are certainly not proofs of the supernatural character of the influence exerted.